JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 17, 1917 17 Vol. XLI. No. 1078.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.

THE PRIVILEGED PLUNDERER

BY

A. G. Gardiner

Forget Influenza

Take BOVRIL and be nourished

OFFER OF 10,000 PAIRS ON EASY TERMS

FOR 1/- Deposit.

All Sizes
Black or Tan.

Masters' New Boot that Won't Wear Out

like other boots do. **RYCROME** leather soles are waterproof, wear twice as long as ordinary leather, and give you double value for your money. We offer these **RYCROME** Soled Double Wear Boots in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on simple easy terms, which everybody can afford to pay—1/- now, 3/- on delivery, and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful **RYCROME** boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) to-day and say what size we shall send you.

Ladies' One Bar Tan Shoe, also **Gibson Lace Shoes,** 25/-, same terms—send 1/- to-day and say what size we shall send you.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

NOW 1/9 GETS A GRAMOPHONE AND RECORDS

I offer the best and cheapest selection of high-grade Gramophones and any number of Records on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID, small deposit secures delivery by return. Write for my Free Lists NOW.

Chas. T. Robey
THE WORLD'S PIONEER MID 3 COVENTRY.

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Solution to the Crossword Puzzle published in our last issue

This week's puzzle is on page 38

When replying to advertisers' announcements, always write clearly stating name and full postal address. "John Bull's" Guarantee appears on page 16.

JOHN BULL THE ONLY PAPER THAT PAYS

STORM & FLOOD BENEFITS

The severe Gales and Storms which swept over Great Britain recently played havoc in the homes of many of our readers. "John Bull" representatives are working at top pressure in various parts of the country dealing with the applications for benefits.

As we go to press we have received the first batch of reports from our representative in Glasgow where the damage was particularly severe, and cheques have been despatched to the sufferers.

THE FIRST BATCH OF PAYMENTS *to Glasgow Readers.*

ANNIESLAND: Mrs. J. Monro, 6, Linden Place; W. Milligan, 989, Crow Road; W. Williamson, 45, Strathcona Drive.
BRIDGETON: J. Costter, 185, Main Street; A. R. Gray, 107, Bernard Street; R. Morton, 38, Calvend Street.
DENNISTOUN: R. J. Cosgrove, 60, Macintosh Street; Mrs. A. McGregor, 90, Roseica Drive.
GOVAN: D. Knowles, 95, Elder Street; Mrs. J. Bainbridge, 6, Linthorpe Buildings; D. Monro, 175, Queen Street.
GREENHEAD: T. Paton, 46, Newhall Street.
MARYHILL: W. Anderson, 112, Shakespeare Street; A. Lyle, 17, Rolland Street; J. Dodd, 41, Duncruin Street; Mrs. M. Keogh, 906, Maryhill Road.
OATLANDS: J. Jarvis, 11, Polmadie Road.
PARTICK: P. Connor, 16, Maxwell Street; Mrs. D. Earby, 13, Newton Street; A. J. Rae, 4, Newlands Drive.
RUTHERGLEN: Mrs. J. Robertson, 4, Barn Flat Street, Farme Cross; J. McPherson, 498, Rutherglen Road; J. Hudson, 7, Kildale Street.
SHETTLESTON: A. Mills, 25, Chester Street; J. McCulloch, 6, Annick Street; Mrs. J. Gordon, 6, Annick Street.
SPRINGBURN: F. Hornfeld, 4, Lochenhill Street; Mrs. J. Stewart, 237, Springburn Road.
TOWNHEAD: M. McEwan, 8, Caledonian Street; J. McGilvray, 20, Hopetown Place; Mrs. A. Johnstone, 3, Caledonian Street.
Also W. Stirling, 93, Blackburn Street; J. McGeachy, 41, Wolseley Street; D. Ramsay, 141, Sandy Feuld Street; J. Chalmers, 35, Simpson Street; J. McRitchie, 64, Pinnart Street; J. McLaren, 124, Annfield Street.

"CUT HERE."

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 12/2/27.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

"CUT HERE."

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 12/2/27.

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 15/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented **FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil.** Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), **ANY DATES,** may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

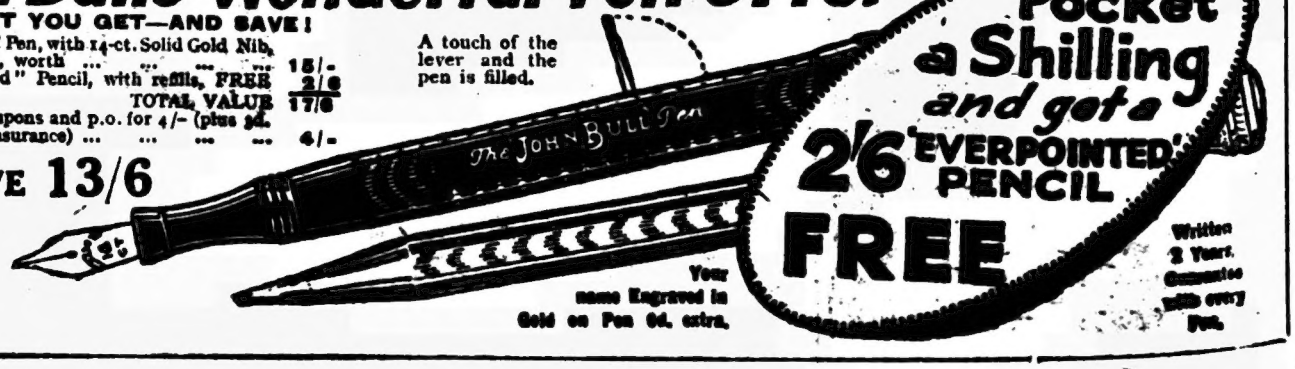
The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, Iridium tipped, worth 15/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. Postage and Insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

A touch of the lever and the pen is filled.



Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

Pocket a Shilling and get a 2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Written 2 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

The ONE Cigarette

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.46W.

You only pay- **10/-**

before delivery for a No. 607 mahogany - finished Mead Cabinet Gramophone 3½ feet high with 30 tunes. 40 other styles on easy monthly payment terms. No. 606 De Luxe Upright Parlour models £5.15.0 cash. Sent Packed Free, Carriage Paid on 10 Days' Free Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded. Write TO-DAY for Free Art Catalogue.

Mead

Company (Dept. K248 Birmingham.

Only **2/-** NOW & THE BIKE IS YOURS

MY 1927 LISTS show astonishing reductions in price of Coventry's best bikes. Small deposit gets any model ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE LISTS, showing biggest and best selection of bikes.

Edward **O'Brien** LTD. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, Dept. 9 COVENTRY.

2/- WEEKLY AFTER YOU RECEIVE THE MACHINE.

FREE!

A full size 6d. Packet of Gladys Cooper's own Hair Shampoo inside every copy of the February

Picturegoer

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

NOW ON SALE

NOT just a "sample," but actually a full size 6d. package of the same shampoo which Gladys Cooper uses regularly herself—the kind which will add a new lustre and beauty to your own hair.

Accept this remarkable offer by getting your copy of the February "Picturegoer" to-day.

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Ryders SEEDS

RYDERS' interesting, informative and hint-giving Catalogue is still available, and will be posted free to all, but early applications are absolutely essential. It contains, among other richly coloured plates and black and white illustrations, a full page coloured reproduction of Miss Winifred Walker's beautiful picture entitled "Everybody's Flowers."

Many gardeners will find peculiar interest in Ryders Gladiolus Primulinus, of which there are many new varieties offered for the first time.

Begonia lovers will welcome Ryders offer of their Gold Medal Varieties at exceptionally low prices.

Manures for the lawn and garden are featured.

THOSE WHO DESIRE TO STUDY ECONOMY AND AT THE SAME TIME HAVE THE VERY BEST QUALITY SEEDS SHOULD PURCHASE FROM RYDERS IN 2D. PACKETS.

Early orders should be given as some of the finest novelties are rather limited in quantity. Send postcard for catalogue to-day.

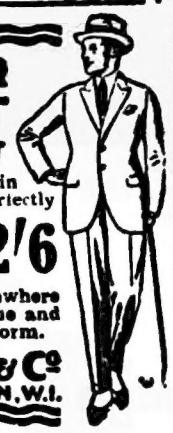
RYDER & SON (1920) Ltd. Seed Merchants, **St. Albans**

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT



Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 2/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns. Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

ASTOUNDING OFFER

FOR SEVEN DAYS ONLY. Solid Sycamore Oak Bedchairs. Polished dark. With 3 reversible Cushions in Brown Corduroy Velvet. Reduced from 33/6 to 25/-. Delivered free London area. England and Wales 2/6 extra. Satisfaction or Money Back.

① **C. J. TURNADGE, Ld. (Dept. J.B.)**
Commerce House, 72-86, Oxford St., W.1

25/-

② 'Phone Museum 9630 — Works High Wycombe. — Catalogue Free ③

TRYER

EASY TERMS.
Without Cover 3/6 deposit and 3/10 per month for 12 months.
With Cover 4/6 deposit and 4/10 per month for 12 months.
Trade Enquiries Invited.
TRYER & CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.60), 60-61, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

GREAT SALE.

To further advertise the qualities of our famous No. 60 Model, we are offering same for a short period only at the Reduced Cash Price of 40/- without cover or 50/- with cover, carr. paid. This Lock-stitch Sewing Machine has automatic bobbin winder, automatic tension release, automatic shuttle lifter, and stitch regulator. Mounted on polished oak or walnut base, fitted with inlaid inch measure, and complete with box of accessories, and illustrated book of instructions. Write for Free Catalogue of other models and other Bargains on Easy Terms.

THE CHARLESTON UKULELE

Reduced Price **10/-**

Complete outfit and Lightning Tutor Post free. Send or call to-day.

You can learn this melodious Jazz Instrument in one day. THE CRAZE OF SOCIETY! Ideal for song and dance parties. Outfit includes handsome golden-toned instrument, case, plectrums, and self tutor. *Vaudeville Theatre, London.* "Received Ukulele, also Jazz Set. I think they are wonderful value. *Robert Hale.*"

F. HAND & CO.,
20, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

2/- BRINGS THIS LOUD SPEAKER

DEPOSIT

The famous Hotspur Loud Speaker is guaranteed to equal results of any Loud Speaker twice the price. Solid Cast Metal Base of peculiar alloy, giving extremely pure tone, combined with great volume. Heavy, well-finished, and of scientific design. Sent by return on 2/- Deposit and your promise of further 3/- at once if quite satisfied; 6 subsequent monthly payments of 5/- (45/- in all). 40/- if cash paid in 7 days. Thousands in use. Send 2/- only.

Hotspur Super Crystal Set 2/- down, further 3/- on receipt if satisfied, and 7 subsequent monthly payments of 5/- (40/- in all). 35/- cash in 7 days. Send for New Radio Catalog.

E. J. HERAUD,
Radio Manufacturer
(Dept. "E"),
NUMBER ONE,
EDMONTON, London N.18.

BIGGEST VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING

NOTE NEW LOW PRICES

72 SQ. FT. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM. Waterproof, Rotproof, and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All Rolls are 3 yards wide. *Send for Free Samples.*

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
30, Carter St., London, S.E.17

PAROLEUM

The Hopper

MADE IN ENGLAND

CASH from £5-5-0
TERMS - 12/6 monthly

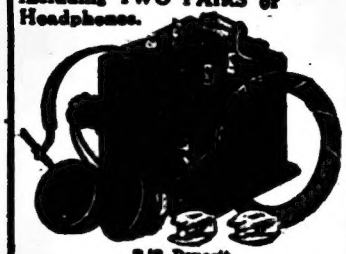
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

write for lists:-
P.O. 67 BARTON-on-HUMBER, ENG

Est 1880

COMPLETE WIRELESS for 33/6

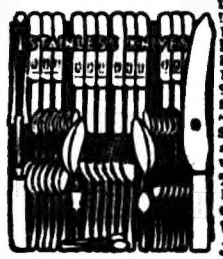
Including TWO PAIRS of Headphones.



Having over 30,000 Satisfied Customers, we are confident we can satisfy you. On receipt 3/6 Deposit we will send you Post Free one of our Super Crystal Sets, Two Pairs of our wonderful Headphones, Aerial Equipment and Davey Coil. If perfectly satisfied you pay Balance 30/- by sending 6 Monthly Payments of 5/-.

3/6 Deposit.
DR. KEEPER (non-adjustable) HEADPHONES 12/6. 2/6 Deposit.
EXCELLATOR BABY LOUDSPEAKER 20/-. 5/- Deposit.
LATEST CATALOGUE FREE, FULL OF BARGAINS.
THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.) WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory trained handles, 2 Table Spoons 6 Dessert Spoons 6 Tea Spoons 6 Salt Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spn, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout. 50 pieces 50/-

5/- NOW

Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. 10 per cent discount allowed for cash. Complete approval at home.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

SUITS 1/6 TO MEASURE FOR WEEKLY.

Order your suit from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style pattern book and self-measurement form. Breeches, Overcoats, Flannels, etc., also supplied.

Suits to Measure from 32/6

THE "B & C" CO.,
Universal Providers,
Dept. J/32, SOUTHAMPTON.

Shave Yourself for a Shilling a Year!

NULLER EXTRA 8'- Long-life Safety Razor Blades, GILLETTE TYPE.

Cost 1/- Shave Best. Scientifically made from finest Swedish Steel. Keep a keen edge and give a perfect shave—a real joy to use.

Per Box of 10, 1/- (post 1½d. extra) 8 Boxes, 8/- (post free).

This offer will not be repeated so send your order Now! Post remittance to:

JOHN CLARK (Mail Order Dept.), 12, Ledgate Square, E.C.4.

For any Type of Gillette Razor

SEND NO MONEY

WRITE NOW

and receive post free our FREE BARGAIN LISTS of the MOST MARVELLOUS WEDDING VALUE EVER OFFERED. Have the "CRESTO" BARGAIN WEDDING SAFE on FREE APPROVAL—1 pair warm heavy all-wool LAPLAND Blankets, 1 pair heavy Under-Blankets, 1 pair Sheets, 2 Pillow Cases, 1 Bolster Case, 1 "Nestor" Quilt, 1 Wadded Quilt, etc. All double-bed size. EASY TERMS from 1/6 weekly. Satisfaction or money refunded. WRITE NOW!

Dept. J.B. 14
GEORGE SMITH,
CLAPHAM JUNCTION, LTD.,
LONDON, S.W.11.

KNITTERS WANTED

To Work Imperia Knitting Machines at Home. No experience necessary.

You can earn £2 to £3 a week comfortably working for us at home with an IMPERIA KNITTER making Socks, &c. **WE GUARANTEE TO BUY YOUR WORK AT GOOD RATES** or you can sell to private customers and **START A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN**; even in odd moments it is easy to make a pound or more weekly. The **Imperia Knitter means a sure and steady income.**

Write to-day for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK and our WORK BUYING GUARANTEE.

THE IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. CO., LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 97, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

Marvellous British
BATH HEATER

No fixing. No fire-lighting. No hours of waiting. No fumes. The Bath heating question solved at last by the "Boilabath." Just light as ring, simply place "BOILABATH" in bath of water and scalding hot water is obtained at half cost of any other system. No odour, safe when unattended, portable (easily detached and used in any room), can't explode. The last word in bathroom economy. Costs only £3 12s. 6d., Carriage Paid.

Write now for descriptive leaflet.

E. B. BOARDMAN, A.M.I.E.E.,
1, Grange Road, Ealing, W.5.

Extensively adopted by municipal authorities.

FREEMANS

Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Coats and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

15/- PER ROLL of 72 SQUARE FEET.

HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide.

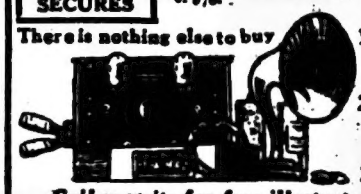
Thicker than high-priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp & vermin proof; easily cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples and patterns of actual material.

HAWKEN & Co. (Dept. J.B. 27)
122, Wardour St., London, W.1.

VALVE SET COMPLETE

9/8 DOWN SECURES

There is nothing else to buy



Including: Marconi Royalty paid, Coils, Valve, H.T. Battery, Aerial Equipment, L.T. Battery and Headphones. Delivered on payment of 9/- down, balance by 11 monthly payments of 9/8.

2-VALVE SET 15/6 Monthly
3-VALVE SET 20/- Monthly
4-VALVE SET 24/6 Monthly

Call or write for free illustrated specifications and Easy Payment terms.

WOOLLDRIDGE RADIO CO. Ltd. (Dept. JB10)
26 & 28, LISLE ST., LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2.

Safeguard Your Property

—and yourself from motor bandits, burglars, etc., by always having a police whistle ready to hand. Shopkeepers and householders should carry a

METROPOLITAN Police Whistle

in their pocket and have another hanging in a convenient place for the use of staffs, etc. The genuine "Metropolitan" is the only reliable whistle. Price **2/-** post free, or with Chain, 2/6 from:

HUDSONS' WHISTLE WORKS
Barr St., Hockley, Birmingham, 3.

WORLD'S BEST

In Value, Quality and Tone. Every instrument made in the Graves Sheffield Factory and guaranteed perfect in every detail.

TERMS: Our terrific price is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, & 11 monthly payments of 5/- Five per cent discount for cash. Complete Approval.

Graves Gramophone (Hornless Model) size 14½x14½x7½, fitted silent motor with worm drive, nickel plated fittings, and super-sensitive reproducer £3 3 0

ALL BRITISH

5/- NOW

CATALOGUE POST FREE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PUT A PURPOSE IN YOUR LIFE. Have a hobby and banish that humdrum existence. "THE BAZAAR, Exchange and Mart" helps everyone to find a joyous hobby and earn a spare time income. In every issue there are also thousands of private sales and exchange advertisements for putting buyers in touch with sellers. "THE BAZAAR," 3d. at all newsagents every Thursday and Saturday. Specimen copy on receipt of p.c. addressed J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA FROM WORKS.—Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. Free. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Liverpool Pottery, Burslem.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Fancy Hats, Balloons, etc. Customers say: "Your goods are THE Goods." Lists free.—"Uneedus," Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS. — Eclipse 1927 designs. Book 150 patts, from 2½d. per roll, free on application. Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Rd., Leeds.

WALLPAPERS, from mills, from 2½d. roll. New designs. Get pats. post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 75), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

A REAL Comfort Chair at a price you can afford. Don't miss reading the advt. of Messrs. C. J. Turnadge, Ltd., on page 4.

LEATHER.—Our Noted Tannage at 1/5½, 1/7½, 1/9, 2/- and 2/3 lb. Send for Free Sample & List.—The Yard Leather Co., Merthyr.

An extra bed at a moment's notice. By a patented movement a handsome easy chair can be changed to the most comfy bed. The "Derby" Chair is Catesby's own exclusive design. 75/- cash or by instalments. (See advertisement on page 31.)

MARKETING BY POST.

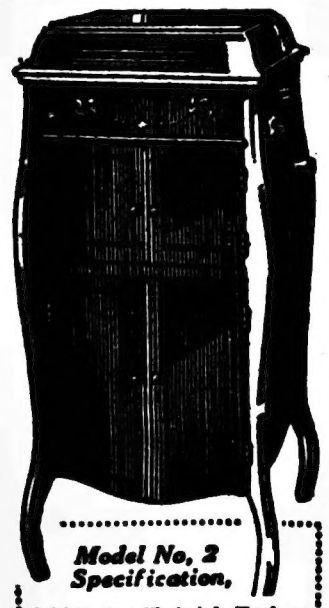
TEA. Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lbs. 6/6, 10 lbs. 15/-. Carr. pd. Special quotations for larger quantities. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

"Chosen from 11 others"

"Fullotones" are undoubtedly the finest gramophone value, as testified by the hundreds of letters received from satisfied customers who candidly admit that they are surprised at the faultless tone and exquisite finish.
Mr. H. COLLINS, of West Croydon, writes— *"The gramophone also is under-estimated. I have enquired at eight different firms, and have before me eleven different catalogues, and I can honestly say that your machine is equal to others at a far higher price, and I have also the satisfaction of knowing it is British made."*
"Fullotones" are sold direct from factory to parlour, thus saving our customers all the big profits usually made by shops and middlemen, which in most cases amount to more than 50 per cent.
This handsome model is fitted with the famous British made "Fullotone" Collaro DOUBLE SPRING motor—plays three records at one winding, and is perfectly silent. No. 2a, Model
Cash price (without inlay)

5·19·6 CARR. PAID U.K.

or **£1** *down and* **11** *monthly instalments of* **10/2.**
No. 2. Model (With inlay), £8.8.0 Carriage paid, or £1 down and 11 monthly instalments of 10/8.



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COUNTRY Canvassing. Permanency at £5-£14 week on results with bonus.—Write Stanleys, 58, Wirtton Road, Stratford, London.

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OILED and creosted, same material as railway sheets, fitted with eyelets and lashes. 12 ft. by 9 ft., 15/-; 15 ft. by 9 ft., 18/9; 18 ft. by 12 ft. 30/-; 19 ft. by 16 ft., 42/6. Any size supplied at 1/3 square yard. Send for List free. — GASSON AND SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone: 34.

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KNITTING WOOLS at 2/6, 3/6, 4/- and Super Qualities 6/6 per lb. Blankets at 26/- per pair. Also Fishermen's Jerseys, Jumpers and other Knitted Goods to order. Send stamped addressed envelope for samples to Dept. 1, The Golden Fleece Woollen Co., Liskeard, Cornwall.

BALLOONS and Dance Novelties. New Stocks. Send for List.—Brilliant Balloon Works, 147, Bishop Street, Birmingham.

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GRAMOPHONES, 27/6; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbell, 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

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WORTH POUNDS! Our Illustrated bargain list is free. Easy payments to suit your pocket.—World's Wireless Stores, Wallington.

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REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S Layette, 75 articles, 30/-. Homemade. All new. Bargain. Send 2/6 pcl. approx. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

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WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/- Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

ELITE Incubator, 18-egg 15/3 to 60, 30/-. Britannia Incubator, 30-egg 35/- to 100, 60/-. Carr. pd. List free.—Best (Dept. J.B.), Brentford.

POULTRY KEEPING PAYS! Eggs all the year round. Read "The Feathered World" and see how easy it is to make this healthy and pleasant hobby pay, and pay well. Published every Friday, price 2d., obtained from all Newsagents and Bookstalls. Specimen copy sent free.—"The Feathered World," 9, Talbot House, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BEFORE YOU BUY OR SELL A DOG consult the Editor of "THE DOG WORLD." (3d. wkly. all nwsgts.) Free expert advice for dog lovers. Magnificent Double Number out Friday. Best report of Crufts, beautiful art plate free, hundreds of reliable dogs advertised. Specimen copy of "THE DOG WORLD" free from J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1927 Catalogue and (Gardening Guide), 144 pages, 229 illustrations, free to all readers of this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie and Co., Ltd., Royal Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co. 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. New scientific Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, operation or rest unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. Astounding successes, hundreds of testimonials. Call or write NOW FOR BOOKLET "B" and full particulars, Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

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NEW Life to weary, worn-out Nerves. Probyn Nutrient restores health, strength and lost vitality. Send to-day for free trial supply.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Rd., London, S.W.18.

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NERVES OF IRON. Nerve Specialist's guaranteed treatment for Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Lost Vitality, Weakness, etc. POTENTOL ends all nerve disorders. Booklet free.—Orde & Co., 40, Regent House, Regent street, London, W.1.

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BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.31), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

CONSTIPATION quickly relieved by MIRA Aperient Water, pure spa water, specially recommended by doctors for constipation, indigestion, kidney, liver, rheumatism. Send 3/- for large bottle post free.—Everett & Co. (Dept. J.), 106, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

NERVES DEPRESSION, ANÆMIA.
When everything else has failed try DR. ALLEN'S TONE TABLETS. They restore energy and tone up the system. 3/- & 5/- per box. Free trial sent on receipt of 3d. (postage and packing).—Sole Proprietors, Craig & Co. (Dept. B), 114, Broad Street, Nottingham.

RUPTURE BANISHED by Dr. X's New Appliance. "The People" says: "It is the cheapest and most effective." Send for full particulars to Wales & Compy. (Dept. J.B.), 3, Charing Cross Mansions, London, W.C.2.

BALDNESS CURED.
"ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by John Bull, 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Benson's, 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

JEWELLERY BOUGHT AT TOP PRICES, also Gold, Silver, Dental Plates. Satisfaction guaranteed or goods returned. Money at once. Call or post.—Harris & Co., 217, Piccadilly, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXHIBITION Camera Pictures.—Exceptionally beautiful & Unique Nature Figure Subjects, Bijou set of 12, 4 x 3 ins., 5/-. Judge Sir — says: "They are pretty little pictures, and beautifully executed photographs, of high artistic excellence." Barnard, Studio, 25a, Glebe Pl., Chelsea, S.W.3.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one. TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff, Est. 1879

ILL-HEALTH, "NERVES" or FAILURE? My book cures all. Sent complete, P.O. 1/2.—E. Kelley (118s), 8th, Knighton Rd., Leicester.

THE RISING TIDE OF COLOUR. Read T. B. Partington's striking article on the evil of mixed-colour marriages and the menace of a half-caste population in this week's "HEALTH AND STRENGTH." 3d. all newsagents or 4d. post free from J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

"My word they are good! No wonder you men are enthusiastic about them"

CRAVEN "A"

The CORK-TIPPED Cigarette of this GENERATION

20 for 1/-

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS by CARRERAS LTD.

Week ending Saturday, Feb. 12, 1927. Twopence. Vol. LXI. No. 1578.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Blowing Froth?

The new "anthem" composed for the Conservative Party may make a big noise and drown the "Red Flag," but it won't cull votes at the next General Election. Those can only be grown now by wise legislation.

Diehards Dished.

When the Government produces its promised Trade Union Bill, it will not contain all that the die-hards of Toryism demand. Mr. Baldwin has too many supporters in the ranks of working men to risk annihilation.

Throwing Down the Gauntlet.

In any case, the Premier is in for a bad time. Hard on the heels of Labour opponents come those who demand equal franchise. The women are taking the buttons off the foils.

Up against It.

The most carping critic of the Government must recognise its difficulty in the Shanghai crisis. China is at civil war and has not decided either her rulers or official mouthpiece. Even Ramsay thinks Austen is doing his best.

The Big Way.

Britain's wish to do the fair, square thing by China is perfectly plain. To dole it out in driblets is simply asking for years of trouble. Our advice to the Government is, Do it handsomely, and do it now.

Courage Pays.

Other Powers have left us to do it alone in China, counting on our getting the kicks. With bold statesmanship we might astonish the world by getting the halfpence.

A Two-eyed Stance.

Admiralty and War Office have one eye on Shanghai and the other on the Budget. "See how Britain needs a navy," says Bridgeman. But the income-tax payer is not going to let himself be "shanghaied."

How the Wind Blows.

Weeks ago John Bull predicted that, unless the Liberal Party reunited into an effective force, this session would see new converts to Labour. Captain Wedgwood Benn is only the first.

To the Good.

Winston's smile is growing as wide as his hat. The Exchequer deficit is reducing and expenditure continues to fall. Finance soon rights itself when peace holds the field.

What We Forget.

As against these good beginnings we must put the expenses of the Shanghai sword-shaking. Mr. Bonar Law said we could not afford "to be the policeman of the world." Yet that's the present policy in China, and the taxpayer will know it later.

Dispute and Delay.

It is eight years since the British Government was pledged to legislation establishing the eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week as normal working time. Nothing has been done. If the whole thing is a joke, why not say so?

The Crux.

The real trouble is that eight hours which are purgatory in some trades may be child's play in another, while other jobs can't be time-counted at all. Legislation is necessary, but the best of all settlements is that arrived at by real good will.

Round and Round.

Systems of fixing minimum wages will be discussed at the International Labour Conference this year. No one suggests discussion of minimum prices, or otherwise tackling the cost of living.

Congratulations.

The London County Council education authority is building new schools, improving old ones, and going ahead generally. Those who grumble at the expenditure are short-sighted. A great metropolis must educate its children. It's the only policy that pays.

Shoe Leather.

The £40,247 paid out in unemployment benefit during the last six months by the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives might largely have been saved if there had been no coal stoppage. Workless men can't buy boots and so they throw other men out of work.

All Square.

The Board of Trade estimate of our trading position is astonishing reading, since it proves that the strikes of 1926 did us remarkably little harm in this respect. Which goes to support our contention that, given industrial peace, we can easily out-distance the world.

Bone-heads.

In sixteen years, forty-four trade boards, covering thirty-nine trades and 1,250,000 workers, have been set up. And still we have strikes. What a fantastic situation!

Ellen Hits the Nail.

Miss Wilkinson, M.P., touches the sore spot in declaring that there is little contact between the trade board and the actual worker. The latter takes changes of wages as he takes changes of weather. He has no say in the matter. No wonder he sometimes kicks!

100 "Bullets" Gifts!

A splendid gramophone, a canteen of cutlery, a dainty gold wrist-watch and many other valuable Gifts await you in "Bullets" this week. See page 39.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN PRIZE!

Hammering the Hammerers.

It is rumoured that the Chancellor contemplates taxing auction sales. Considering the enormous sums that change hands yearly in this manner, we trust it is true.

Cotton.

Prospects for Cottonopolis in 1927 are fair. We still hold pride of place in the world's production. We hope soon to see the home market flooded with goods satisfactory and *cheap* for the poor to wear.

Wicked Waste.

"Lack of railway trucks is impeding trade revival on Tees-side." That's a simple statement that betrays a sad lack of statesmanship. And, in view of the thousands of would-be workers forced down to "dole" level, it's tragic.

Bad Management.

This country has work, men and money, but apparently not enough brain power to arrange that all three mingle in equal proportion. That's why, owing to wagon shortage, miners are thrown out of work, and 3,000 that should be employed at Summit and Low Moor Collieries have had to sign on for part-time unemployment benefit.

The Meat Ramp.

Argentine chilled beef has dropped until the wholesale price is ½d. a lb. cheaper than thirteen years ago! Smithfield says that retailers coin money. Shops deny the gentle impeachment. It doesn't take us a brace of shakes to decide who's being fleeced.

Steadfast in Duty.

In three generations the Cambridge family of Paige has given 540 years of service on the Eastern Counties and the Great Eastern Railway. Other families run them close. It explains why the words British railways and safety are synonymous.

Luxury for Fun.

£3,000,000 will be spent this year in building "more than ever magnificent" super-cinemas in London. It's only when little houses for the poor are in question that we can't afford to build.

The Belvoir Bested.

When a huntsman galloping with the Belvoir Hounds rode down a fox that was being hunted, it turned, bit the horse through the leg and escaped. Good for the fox, but why subject horses to such unnecessary risks?

Penny Foolish, Pound Wise.

There's a time to save and a time to spend. Worthing, the little seaside resort, has arrived at the latter. With extended electrical undertakings and a lot of road-widening ratepayers will reap big interest on the £75,000 spent.

Walked to Death.

Ten people, including six children and two grandparents, lived in a condemned cottage of four rooms at Hartfield, until the worried wife, Mrs. Funnell, ended her trouble by walking into a pond and laying down to die. And that, in one simple story, holds the whole tragedy of present-day housing.

Create the Demand.

Sir Evelyn Murray, Secretary to the Post Office, thinks that the telegraph service must remain a heavy loss. He cannot even suggest a remedy. Why not try halving the price in the hope of creating a demand? That's the business way.

Out for Record.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that, with their kindly help, George Gidding, the "Fag Card King," of Coldharbour Lane, S.E., obtained £102 last year on behalf of King's College Hospital. He is out to break his own record. So pack up your cigarette cards and send them along.

Our Popular Prince.

The recent tour of the Prince of Wales through the poorest parts of the East End, including a visit to the Church Army headquarters in Westminster, is further proof of his earnest endeavour to study social problems at first hand. The sneer that his object is to win popularity is a cheap slander.

Bravo, Brighton!

Though Brighton's Corporation debt has doubled in six years, and now amounts to nearly three and a half millions, the fact that the money has mainly been expended on housing, electricity and water supply should banish all uneasiness. Cash so spent is bound to bring a big return, and meanwhile work has been provided for the unemployed.

Wrong Laxity.

We learn that false fire alarms are becoming so numerous that the Home Office is considering the advisability of increasing the penalties in the hope of checking the nuisance. However, as the maximum is already £25, we suggest that magistrates be instructed to inflict it in lieu of the puny fines they favour.

Practical Help.

When a poor man complained at the Thames Police Court that he had been robbed of his overcoat in a Salvation Army shelter, Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the magistrate, sent for one of his own overcoats. In presenting it to the man, Mr. Cairns gave a convincing proof that magistrates exist to help the people, not merely to condemn them.

A Fiend Indeed!!

Were magistrates permitted in every case to fit the punishment to the crime, Harry Steward, of Peterborough, would probably now be frizzling over a fire, seeing that he built one under a poor horse unable to pull its load. "The most horribly cruel case I have known," was the comment of the Bench. That being so, why was Steward only given one month's hard labour?

The Ghost that Stalks.

"No one need starve," declares Mr. C. W. W. Surridge, Manchester's city coroner, and no doubt with truth. But poverty's a ghost that daily crushes the lives of many who consider it a disgrace to seek poor-law relief. Poor Hannah Ainsworth was one of them, and, in one of the richest cities, she starved to death. The privations of the poor provide many lessons for our statesmen.

Her Hat Trick.

On three occasions Mrs. Margaret Sutcliffe, of Walworth, has saved people from drowning in the River Medway. On the last occasion she assisted in saving two men at Wateringbury, and she has been awarded a gold wrist watch by the Carnegie Hero Fund. Mrs. Sutcliffe used to be captain of a school swimming club, and her courage proves the value of teaching swimming in schools.

A New Home Tragedy.

No gas, no electricity, and bedrooms without fireplaces! This little procession of omissions refers to a new Liverpool Corporation house, and these facts were brought to light during an inquest on a ten-months-old child who died from acute pneumonia shortly after the family moved into their new home. Many will think this scandal aggravated by the fact that when the coroner asked if any representative of the corporation was present in court he was told "No."

Setting an Example.

Take them for all in all, the scoutmasters throughout the country are a splendid set of fellows, and one of the finest of them is Mr. Geoffrey Knight, of Crouch End, who at Poplar Hospital has just submitted for the third time to a transfusion operation. When paying tribute to Mr. Knight's humanity, the house surgeon stated that on each occasion the scoutmaster had refused to accept the official fee of five guineas. Doing good for good's sake seems to be his motto, and we confess that we could not suggest a better.

Homeless Reservist.

Though an ex-soldier named Luffman is still a reservist, at present he is without a home. As nobody would take in his five children, the family have been living for eighteen months in a dilapidated shed, from which they have now been evicted. The wife entered a spirited protest to the suggestion that they should go back to the workhouse, and the probation officer of Croydon was asked to assist. That a homeless man might any day be called upon to fight for his country is a damnable farce!

Heroic Sacrifice.

Attracted by the frenzied cries of his wife, the Rev. J. M. Latham, rector of Offord Cluny, Huntingdonshire, rushed to the bathroom to find it full of flames, caused by a methylated spirit stove attached to a Turkish bath. With the aid of two extinguishers the fire was eventually got under, though not before both were badly burned, the clergyman so severely that subsequently he died. "Accidental death" was the verdict. "A heroic sacrifice to save the woman he loved" would have been even nearer the mark.

The Human Machine

Up-Stage!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

WHEN an actor gets swelled-head and sees to it that he is right on the footlights and well in the glare of the limes at every available moment, he gets an unenviable reputation for being "up-stage."

His enemies mean by that that he is cocky, bumptious, swollen with pride and far too fond of thinking himself the great "I am!"

No one is more disliked on the boards than a person who is "up-stage." No one is more disliked off the boards either if it comes to that!

"We never employ an expert if we can help it!" says Henry Ford. "The expert always knows far too many ways in which a job can be done!"

In other words, the expert is well "up-stage." What he says goes—and there must be no argument.

And then one day someone who does not know nearly as much as the expert comes along with a bright idea and a real desire to help, and does the job in the way the expert said it couldn't be done!

THAT'S the greatest danger of knowledge and success. It takes a strong character to resist the temptation to go "up-stage."

Yet the only people who retain their success are those who keep their heads and retain their willingness to co-operate and help.

The only man who really benefits from knowledge is the man who is always aware of how little he really knows and who is always ready to listen and learn some more.

For heaven's sake resist the temptation to monopolise the front of the stage unless you are asked! Unless, of course, you *want* people to be rude to you!

When Danger Calls.

When after the fishing fleet left Newbiggin (Northumberland) a storm broke out, twenty women waded waist-deep into the sea, and, in spite of the difficulty arising from the low state of the tide, succeeded in launching the lifeboat. A great deal of fuss is made nowadays about women's brains not equalling those of men. We are thoroughly glad to hear there are still women who can rival them in grit.

Fighting the Dread Element.

While directing operations from the second floor of a cotton warehouse at a big fire in Liverpool, Chief Officer Monk, of the Bootle Fire Brigade, fell and fractured his skull, and lies in a critical condition. We are so used to seeing these brave fellows answer the call that we are apt to overlook the dangers which they face daily. It is well to be reminded of these occasionally, lest we forget the homage which is their due, though we would that this latest reminder had taken a less tragic form.

The Clutching Hand.

Llangollen Rural District Council is up in arms against landlords who are asking outrageous sums for land for housing sites. Mr. A. E. Price stated that one landlord asked £160 for a piece of land and then reduced the price to £75, while the district valuer valued it at £50. The council suggested that if it failed to secure the land at a reasonable figure, compulsory powers should be obtained. This should be a warning to grasping landlords not to over-reach themselves or they may well cut off their noses to spite their faces.

Poison from the Cow.

The real drink peril is not alcohol but dirty milk imbibed by babies. More lives are lost through disease-laden milk than from drinking beer or spirits. In 42 per cent. of samples of milk taken in the West Riding of Yorkshire liquid manure was found. No wonder the medical officer, Dr. J. R. Kaye, said, "If the farmer does not supply pure milk he is not an honest man and ought not to be a churchwarden." The blind truth is that such men ought not to be allowed to farm.

Darby and Joan.

Because of the few marriages that come to grief in the Divorce Court we hear too much of the failures of matrimony and not enough of the successes. Mr. and Mrs. Firminger, of Jane Street, E., are Darby and Joan in real life. They are both eighty-three and during the sixty-five years they have been wed they have never been parted. They are happy on the old-age pension, and we hope they become centenarians. They are not rich, but they get a wealth of happiness out of life.

The Terrible Toll.

Edward Henry Thompson, thirty-six, a stallman, was buried and killed by a fall of waste at Clipstone Colliery, Notts; Francis Battensby, twenty-seven, a coal-hewer, lay in excruciating agony beneath a stone so large that it had to be broken up before he could be released—alas! too late—at Crofton Pit, Northumberland; John Isles, fifty, died from injuries sustained at Kirkby Colliery. Here are but a few out of the many who give their lives that we might prosper, and to deny that these brave men deserve the utmost consideration at our hands is to dishonour the nation.

Forgiving Woman.

In reply to all the questions put to her by the prosecution at Barnsley Police Court, Jessie Schofield replied: "I refuse to give evidence against him." The man concerned was George McQueen, who was alleged to have slashed her across the neck with a carving-knife, causing a wound 6 in. long and three-quarters of an inch deep. When next McQueen reads of a man going to the gallows, well might he murmur, "There, but for the grace of God, go I!" and at the same time he might pay tribute to the forgiving nature of a woman.

Crusoe and the Kiddies.

Not the least condemnation of our slums is the drabness of life they impose on the children whose lives should be full of sunshine. That's why we praise the Dockland and Abbey Conclaves of the Order of Crusaders, who, at Stratford, took five hundred poor children to see a performance of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Borough Theatre. Even a passing glimpse of fairyland may lead the minds of little folk to brighter things.

Robbing Your Neighbour.

We have no sympathy with Miss Hilda Cowley, the actress, whose address was given as the Ritz Hotel. She was fined £100 at Westminster Police Court for attempting to smuggle silk goods into the country. Her excuse that she had been suffering from a breakdown, and had forgotten the garments, was not accepted by the court. This offence, especially on the part of the well-to-do, is an exceptionally mean one, since it is bound to increase the burden borne by the poor.

The Call.

Our sympathy to Glasgow in its deep bereavement along with the whole of Scotland where death has taken its toll of the great storm. That the worst accident happened in the Kinning Park district of Glasgow, where a chimney crashed down through the roof and interior flats of a tenement, burying the unhappy occupants, is significant. Those who have the welfare of the poor at heart "must not rest nor sheath the sword" until the poor are housed at least as safely as the rich.

Thousands for Tramps.

Who can measure the heart-break of disappointment and discouragement that meets the man on his fruitless search for work before he takes finally to wandering? It is shown in the vagrants of the road who come so thick and fast to Edmonton that the local board of guardians is faced with an expenditure of £30,000 in a new block of buildings in which to house them. It is worth pondering, for Edmonton's burden is merely one of the boundless problems that ratepayers must face owing to the Government's persistent failure to deal with unemployment.

A Great Scandal.

An official of the tramways department of the L.C.C. is indignant with Councillor Jones, of Lambeth, who expressed the opinion that it was a great scandal that employees of so important a public body should be compelled to seek poor relief when ill. "I know of no transport undertaking that pays all its grades of employees during sickness," the official complains. Since the sick man in question had been a tram driver for thirty-six years, we regard the fact that he was compelled to appeal to the guardians as a base betrayal, which is beyond justification.

A Cowardly Torturer.

Laura de Frece was never more unfortunate than when she went to Samuel Gilbert, of Lower Regent Street, house and flat agent, for rooms. He made her pay in advance, and later gave her notice on the grounds that the premises were being watched. When she sought to recover the money she was subjected to a severe cross-examination, after which the defendant refrained from going into the witness-box. "The most cowardly thing I ever heard of," remarked Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, at Westminster. We agree.

Donkeys' Eight-hour Day.

Lytham and St. Anne's Council has passed a charter of emancipation for horses, donkeys and mules, providing that animals for hire on the sands must only work from nine to one, and from two to six o'clock; their saddles are to be loosened and water and food given them in the interval. No one over sixteen years of age or seven stone in weight will be allowed to ride donkeys or mules and the use of whips and sticks is prohibited. Congratulations to the makers of such a charter. When a nation looks after its animals, it is on the right road to becoming humane towards all its citizens.

The Real Culprits.

Simon Springer, son of a Russian Jew, who left London for Wallasey some few months ago, has been shown up in his true colours. His dealings were in indecent books, pictures, postcards and metal articles at a shop opposite a school. It is not sufficient that Simon should be fined £10 and have his stock destroyed. The producers of such filthy stuff must be found and caged.

Terry Trips Up.

Towards the close of last year we devoted considerable space in these columns to the exposure of a housing hoaxer named Charles Terry, advising house-hunters to shun him completely. The other day, at Devon Assizes, th's trickster was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for his housing frauds, and, with a dangerous rascal thus put out of harm's way, we feel that our space and words were not wasted.

A Shylock in Disguise.

Under the high-sounding title of the General Finance & Motor Company, Ltd., some nameless individuals carry on a curious business at Charterhouse Chambers, Charterhouse Square, E.C. Actually the business is simply a disguised form of money-lending ramp. Prospective clients are first called upon to pay a small "enquiry fee" only to learn later that a loan cannot be granted without "negotiable security." This is fee-snatching at its lowest.

Slow Motion Match Distributors.

What has become of the Thistle Brand Match Distributors, of Liberty House, Gerrard Street, Shaftesbury Avenue? As far back as July last year a gentleman who was pressing for certain payments was told that his claims would have "immediate satisfaction" as soon as the company was registered. Up to a recent date its name was not included in the registers at Somerset House, and the gentleman is still waiting patiently for his money. Why the silence?

Phantom Oil Paintings.

When he was stationed at Colchester a bugler in the R.F.A. handed two oil paintings to a photographer in Magdalen Street, paying in advance for framing, and giving instructions for the finished articles to be sent to his mother. When Mr. Lofting, the photographer concerned, was approached he intimated that he was only waiting for a guarantee that the cost of packing and carriage would be remitted on receipt of the goods. This was given, but so far the pictures have not come to hand, and all letters of enquiry are ignored!

A Double Puzzle.

A reader sends us an unsolicited postcard, received from a person named J. W. Walker, Puzzle Department, Lower Addiscombe Road, East Croydon. After intimating that our reader has been a successful prize entrant, the card asks whether he desires "an elegant eight piece set of Im. silver or an Egyptian diamond, apparently worth £2." If so, he is to send 6s. to prepay "all shipping charges, duty, cost, etc." As he has never entered any competition, our reader is letting this offer slide. He is probably wise.

A Shocking Oversight.

When Miss Rose Gardner, a girl guide, was carried to her last long home in Queen's Road cemetery, Croydon, after part of the committal service had been read, it was discovered that the grave dug was 2 ft. too small. The clergy and the mourners, many of them girl guides, had to stand half an hour at the side, waiting until the hole was enlarged to admit the coffin. What an ordeal for those who sorrowed! It was a piece of sheer bad management that had no right ever to have happened.

STORMS! FLOODS!
"John Bull" the ONLY Paper to pay Benefits.

Problems of Life

Brooding on Injuries

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

READER, have you been badly treated by friend, neighbour, employer, public institution or, worst of all, by someone closely allied to you in family life?

Lord Haldane

Don't talk about it.

"What!" you will say. "Bear in silence and without complaint whatever indignity a cold and selfish heart chooses to put upon me! That is foolish counsel, and were I to obey it I should not only be doing injustice to myself but to others.

Yes, that may be so. Nevertheless, I repeat, Don't talk about it.

One thing I have noticed over and over again in my acquaintance with my fellow-creatures, and that is that the man with a chronic grievance is voted a nuisance.

You may have the best case in the world; you may have been abominably victimised and misrepresented; your career may have been irretrievably ruined; but if you insist on drawing people's attention to your wrongs you will not elicit sympathy, you will alienate it.

Fight as hard as you like for your rights and those of your dear ones, but don't expect too much from persons not immediately concerned.

There is a deep sense of justice in the average man. If he hears of a piece of cruelty or oppression he is quickly roused to indignation and the desire to set things right.

But his feelings are soon cooled if he finds the injured party harping on his sufferings and absorbed in his personal griefs to the exclusion of larger issues.

The psychological explanation of our instinctive recoil from an inveterate grumbler is precisely that. We do not respect a person who is preoccupied with himself and his own interests even when he has legitimate reason for complaint.

We are far more disposed to stand by him if we see him doing his best and saying little about the unfairness to which he has been subjected.

THE truth does not always come out either. It is only now, for instance, that we are learning of the grievous misjudgment of Sir Eyre Crowe of which a section of the Press was guilty during the war.

No public servant deserved better of the nation; none was more misunderstood and reviled as a traitor; and not until after his death is his reputation vindicated. He himself never said a word publicly in his own defence, for this was impossible without making use of private official records, which he would not do.

The case of Lord Haldane is worse. We owe to him, not only such military preparedness as saved us in 1914, but our financial and other organisations too; yet how many know it?

What a tale he could tell if he would! But he remains silent.

WE WARN A BARONET

FROM DITTIES TO THE CITY

Fishing for Finance

ONE of these days we must publish a handbook for the guidance of inexperienced persons of title who venture into the world of finance.

The number of these who become involved in questionable ventures, and by lending their titles to all and sundry give them an air of stability, is astonishing.

The latest to come under our notice is Sir Michael William Selby Bruce, of Stenhouse, Stirlingshire, who, we respectfully suggest, is a careless young fellow.

Sir Michael bears an ancient and an honoured title. He is the eleventh baronet of his line, and claims direct descent from The Bruce himself, the man who whacked the poor Sassenachs at Bannockburn and covered old Scotland with glory and gore.

The wrong motto

On the field of battle and elsewhere Sir Michael has quite upheld the family reputation for dash and gallantry. He served in the Transvaal rebellion of 1914, and fought in the Dardanelles, Egypt and France during the war, in a merely English regiment it is true—namely, the "Diehards"—and also the R.F.A.

He has served in the South African police, been a cattle-puncher in Brazil, and not long ago stopped a runaway broncho in Bristol.

He has likewise written a couple of books, "Songs from the Saddle" and "Hunter's Yarns." We haven't read them, but we doubt not that they are in the real Bruce spirit.

So much for that side of the eleventh Bruce of Stenhouse. With no wars on and "Othello's occupation gone," he has latterly taken to a business career.

So far he has not distinguished himself. That recklessness which can be a virtue in his previous walks of life is decidedly the reverse in the City of London.

Sir Michael's family motto is "Do well and doubt not." It isn't a good one, as circumstances have proved, in the City. If he had doubted a little, he would have done better.

A few months ago we came across his name on the stationery of a venture called the Empire Bloodstock Association.

Passing on the secret

The "song from the saddle," in this case, was in the nature of an appeal to the public to trust their money on rather vague conditions for putting it on racehorses.

"Owing to the enormous financial success that our system has met with in the past," says the circular, "we are now prepared to accept investments in multiples of £25 and are issuing trustee bonds which carry interest at the rate of £5 *per week per* £100; which is paid weekly after a clear seven days' investment, providing that there is three clear days racing in England.

"The sums invested are employed in common with the resources at our command in the ordinary course of our business. Investors enjoy the benefit of our long experience, wide connections and the participation in the systematic investments of large sums of money which the individual person cannot do by himself and thus shewing regular returns," etc., etc.

Sheer bunkum? We are inclined to agree. It is, indeed, strange that the "enormous financial success" of the system should hitherto have escaped public notice and comment.

It is stranger still to hear that the originators of the system, for all their "enormous financial success," should be willing to hand over the secret to

Sir Michael Bruce, Bt.

£25 investors, or even that they should require the money at all.

The Empire Bloodstock Association has not been appealing to the public for long, but already, in spite of its generous promises, it appears to be itself in deep waters. Its address was at 58, Pall Mall. The association is there no longer, and its new headquarters are difficult to trace.

A tempting offer

What has Sir Michael Bruce to say in explanation? Is the Empire Bloodstock Association all that the circular says it is, and, if not, why did he lend his honoured title to the promoters without satisfying himself on the soundness of its finances?

There is another of Sir Michael's recent activities which likewise lays him open to criticism. Lately, there has appeared in the daily Press the following advertisement:

Partnership under Limited Liability.—I am prepared to consider any business or undertaking which, with additional capital, could be converted into a sound, profit-making company. Write to me personally, Sir Michael Bruce, Bt., Box 565.

That is a tempting offer, particularly coming from a full-fledged baronet.

There are many people with businesses, small or large, who would be glad of "aeditional capital" to convert them into "sound, profit-making" concerns.

This is what happens. Those who put themselves in touch with Sir Michael Bruce receive, in reply, a letter addressed from Sentinel House, Southampton Row, W.C., bearing the famous coat-of-arms of the Bruce family.

The letter is signed either by Sir Michael Bruce himself or by a person who calls himself "secretary."

Pay up first

The hope is held out that capital can be found, but before this is done there must be the payment of a preliminary fee which ranges from twenty-five to fifty guineas.

In the case of one of our readers, it was stated that on the receipt of the twenty-five guineas remittance, Sir Michael would be "pleased to proceed with the formation of the company," and would undertake "not to register the company until at least £5,000 has been subscribed."

Subsequently, an agreement was drawn up for the formation of a limited company of £2,000 capital, under which Sir Michael would receive a commission of 7½ per cent. on any shares he was able to dispose of up to £1,000.

The twenty-five guineas already paid was to be refunded by the company when registered. *But there was no real obligation on Sir Michael Bruce to find the capital!*

Under his scheme, should he be unsuccessful in finding the capital himself or from those wealthy friends whom simple souls are apt to imagine are at the beck and call of any real baronet, that preliminary fee will go west!

A strange similarity

Sir Michael Bruce's Sentinel House activities are strangely similar to those of a person against whom we have several times warned our readers.

This is Mr. Henry Allen Ashton, of the London Financial Service, Ltd. So similar, in fact, are their methods of approaching the public that, at first glance, one would say that Sir Michael had been tutored by Mr. Ashton.

At second glance, too, a letter we have seen gives colour to the suggestion that Mr. Ashton knows quite a lot about Sir Michael Bruce's business at Sentinel House.

Further, in Ashton's correspondence has appeared the name of Sir Michael Bruce! Not only so, but the rent at Sentinel House is actually paid by Ashton's company.

We go no further except to say that Sir Michael would do well to stop his present financial activities in favour of something more befitting the great name he bears.

The Conundrum Club

A Puzzle in Itself!

PEOPLE in the west of England are, apparently, being approached by canvassers and invited to become members of a curious institution known as the Conundrum Club.

The aims and objects are set forth in a two-page circular which is being handed to prospective members, but a few extracts will serve to introduce the movement to our readers.

The Conundrum Club is said to exist for the purpose "of linking up all individual competitors into a single mutual-help club—a Puzzlers' Union as it were."

The club "is out to help its members in every way possible in the matter of solutions for any or all of the various competitions published."

Spotting the winners

The club further offers "authoritative and selected advice upon all matters relating to racing and football activities," together with advice on the choice of competitions and legal assistance in competition disputes should the occasion demand it.

In addition to all this, the Conundrum Club boasts its own magazine, known by the appropriate title of the *Nut-Cracker*.

It is emphatically pointed out that, with a powerful membership, the Conundrum Club must soon force any bogus competition off the market, a laudable object.

But many puzzle enthusiasts must have found the Conundrum Club a bit of a puzzle in itself.

Take, for example, the question of its address, which is given on its circulars as Cecil Chambers, Strand, London, W.C. This is quite a high-sounding designation, but application to Cecil Chambers is surprising.

The Conundrum Club is unknown there, for until November last the premises were rented by an appeal branch of the income-tax authorities!

The agents declare that no one has ever heard of the club and it is certainly not housed anywhere in Cecil Chambers to their knowledge.

The puzzle solved

Reference to Somerset House carries one no further, for the Conundrum Club is not registered there, either under the Business Names or under the Limited Companies requirements.

While the puzzle of the Conundrum Club thus deepens, a faint ray of light is revealed in the fact that it has behind it a person named D. W. Gamage.

This gentleman was previously concerned with a paper entitled the *British Sporting Times and Home Journal*, which he conducted from an address in Ipswich.

At that time our postbag contained frequent complaints from readers concerning various prize competitions run in connection with that journal.

This being so, the puzzle of the Conundrum Club would appear to be simplified. The answer is doubtless a lemon!

AN EPIC OF THE GALE

SIX GALLANT GENTLEMEN

All in a Day's Work

"WHEN I got to London, I decided to go to JOHN BULL and tell them my story, to see if they would give me a little assistance to get a kit for my next journey."

An epic story of unrequited heroism lies behind these simple words of Reginald George Rickard, who, with five other British seamen, was one of the chief means of saving the Norwegian steamer *Torvanger* and her cargo of coal from being lost in mid-Atlantic on January 12 and 13.

At three o'clock on the morning of January 12," Mr. Richards related, "we were about sixteen hours off Queenstown—though it would take five days in rough waters—when the storm arose. We were in bed and Captain Nielsen sent down to ask if we six Englishmen would go down below and keep the ship steaming.

"We immediately got out of bed and we were up to our waist in water, as the rooms were all flooded out. As we came up, we heard a loud crash, and someone shouted that the steering-gear had gone.

"When we got below, we found the stokehold was flooded, but we were able to keep the high fires burning, the low fires having been put out by the flood of water."

Returned by the sea

When these six brave firemen had been desperately keeping the fires burning, they longed for food.

"We could not get to the cookhouse as the ship was practically under water. But a young trimmer named Brown went up to see if he could get some hot coffee. He got as far as the cookhouse and was on his way back to the stokehold with the hot coffee when a huge wave struck him and washed him over the side."

By a miracle, this boy, who is only seventeen, was washed back on a returning wave. "When he came back to the stokehold with the empty can," said Rickard, "one of the firemen asked, 'Where is the coffee, mate?' Brown replied: 'I couldn't get it, as it was too rough.' And we didn't know until the storm was over, thirty-nine hours later, that Brown had been washed overboard."

"The captain went on the bridge at three o'clock on Wednesday morning and didn't leave his post until seven o'clock on Thursday night. We also came up from below at that time, after working at the firing all those hours on end."

After they had been refreshed with drinks of whisky and hot water, and the tins of food-stuff and biscuits, which had been opened in their honour, had been consumed, they were able to go to their rooms, only to find they were completely flooded out and every bit of their property spoilt.

"An act of God"

The chief engineer organised matters, forming the crew into a line who passed buckets of water from man to man, emptying them over the ship's side. It was a long job for these tired-out sailors, but, eventually, they were able to get their beds and blankets down to the engine-room to dry.

They signalled to Queenstown that they had got safely through the storm and the condition they were in, and then steamed on until Saturday morning, when the captain again sent for these Englishmen, saying he wished they would go below and work double watches, as the ship was in such a bad condition, and he was anxious to get her into Birkenhead as quickly as possible.

"Upon arriving at Birkenhead," continued Mr Rickard, "we immediately went to the captain, and told him that we wished some compensation for the damage that had been done to our clothes. He told us that we could not obtain it. We applied to the Consul, only to hear that the Norwegian Union Law definitely states that if a ship gets into port under her own steam any loss which the crew have suffered, and any trouble they have been through, must be considered to be an act of God."

He estimates the value of his lost kit at ten guineas. He also lost seven dollars and a few cents, and, in addition, his experience has told considerably on his health.

Having been the means of saving a ship with a big tonnage, the crew were naturally hurt by this treatment, and vowed they would never go to sea again—a broken vow in Mr. Rickard's case, life at sea being his only means of providing for his wife and baby girl on land.

A tribute to Britain

Failing to get compensation for lost property and damage to health, Mr. Rickard made a further attempt. He went to the captain and said, "I wish to speak to you privately, sir. We Englishmen feel that as we have been working thirty-nine hours on end, we are entitled to a certain amount of overtime, which would be paid were we serving on a British ship."

To this the captain replied, "You volunteered to go below. I did not send you down." The chief engineer being a Norwegian sided with the captain, but the Consul at Birkenhead on being consulted ordered the captain to pay 20 kroners (approximately 21s. 8d.) extra.

The captain then turned to Rickard and, after informing him that he would get this money, invited him to come back to the same ship. Rickard's reply was, "No, sir, she is the dirtiest blighter I've ever been in."

One very real compensation has accrued to Rickard out of this drastic experience, and, being a real Englishman, it means a lot to him. The fact that that Norwegian captain relied upon the Englishmen to save the ship as a matter of course has convinced him that his fear that England was losing her place in the world is groundless.

When he mentioned the fact to Captain Nielsen, his reply was, "I know what Englishmen are. I did all my training as a young man on British ships."

Reginald George Rickard

A Half-crown Hoax

Well on the Border-line

THROUGH an advertisement calling for "representatives," a reader got into touch with a person named H. Gough, who was trading at Deansgate, Manchester, in the name of "Flooroleum."

The notepaper described "Flooroleum" as the "new sanitary floor covering."

Our reader was informed that a "suitable person" was required in his district "to follow up enquiries"; and that workers would find no difficulty in "adding very considerably to their incomes."

A reluctant request

Then followed a touching paragraph.

Owing to the number of people who wrote to the "Flooroleum" company out of "idle curiosity," it was "reluctantly compelled" to ask for 2s. 6d. "to cover the cost of the attache case with samples."

These cases and samples, our reader was assured cost a "considerable sum," but the 2s. 6d. would be refunded on receipt of his first order.

Anxious to obtain employment, he immediately sent off the 2s. 6d., but when the attache case and samples arrived he was destined to be both disappointed and surprised.

For the attache case was a cheap cardboard affair, exactly 9 in. by 6 in., while the samples consisted of six little fragments of inferior oil-cloth!

An odd omission

Ninepence would be a generous estimate of the total value!

An accompanying letter informed the new "representative" that the "Flooroleum" company would notify him if any enquiries were received in his district and allow him 10 per cent. if any orders resulted!

He was also supplied with one or two leaflets extolling the virtues of "Flooroleum," but, oddly enough, these contain no reference to its prices.

To engage representatives on such unsatisfactory terms, and to obtain deposits of 2s. 6d. on the pretext that the "attache cases and samples" cost "a considerable sum," is not very far removed from fee-snatching.

What Price Smith?

Making the Perrys Pay

A GENTLEMAN named J. Montgomery Seaver, who describes himself as "Compiler of the Perry Genealogy Committee," is sending out circular letters from the office of the "Perry Council," 1415, Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

These letters are addressed only to people in this country who bear the surname of Perry, and the explanation is set forth at some length.

It appears that there is to be a get-together movement among the Perry families, and Mr. Seaver is compiling a comprehensive genealogy.

The monarchs' blood

Across the letter-heading, in blood-red characters, we read that the "Blood of eleven European Monarchs flows in Perry veins," while the letter itself opens with the declaration that those who know agree that the Perry family is amongst "the best families."

So Perrys one and all are being invited by Mr. J. Montgomery Seaver to send full information and pictures of themselves, together with pictures of Perry castles, estates and coats-of-arms, for inclusion in the volume. Thirty shillings is the price for a single copy of the finished work, but appreciable discounts are given to those who take a quantity. And it is recommended that those who are agreeable should send their subscriptions when first sending particulars.

A sentimental flat-trap

If we are to judge from our postbag, this appeal is not being received with whole-hearted enthusiasm amongst British Perrys. Mr. Seaver would doubtless be shocked if he could hear what some of them have to say about him. One who resides in Limehouse is particularly bitter at being asked to send his coat-of-arms!

Their indignation may be due to the fact that they think it undesirable that the responsible task of compiling the Perry genealogy should have been entrusted to one who bears a less-illustrious name.

At any rate, they have shown that they are not fools and that they are able to detect a flat-trap, even when it is set with sentimental bait.

A 'BUS-TOP TOUT

JOLTS FOR JOSEPH

A Persuasive Job-finder

BEWARE of tempting offers made by astute advertisers. "Look before you leap" is still a sound motto. When the deposit of cash is made the first preliminary caution is necessary

WE are delighted to be in a position to introduce any of our readers to a gentleman who is a principal in a firm which turns over £30,000 in its bad years, and another sum which, owing to pressure of space, we are unable to print in its good years.

This fortunate gentleman is the principal of a soft-goods firm in the City.

Let it be known that this firm requires an agent for the provinces. We shall allow Mr. P. Joseph, of New Oxford Street, who trades as Messrs. Crabtree and Co., advertising agents, and who acts in an energetic manner for this firm, to explain the proposition.

Mr. Joseph writes that "They are old-established City manufacturers of ladies' gowns supply wholesale all the leading houses in England."

A bad year's turnover

Here we must interpolate that while owning ourselves profound admirers of Mr. Joseph's handwriting, we beg to be excused in the matter of his punctuation.

After pausing to inscribe a comma, Mr. Joseph continues: "Their turnover for last year (which was a bad year) was £30,000. The position offered is worth £1,000 a year."

Here Mr. Joseph refers to references and books which he has inspected.

There is yet another invaluable paragraph dealing mainly with the haste in which the vacancy must be filled.

Now, in the face of the preceding, we are surprised that but two of our readers went so far as to plumb the depths of the proposition.

However, both saw the advertisement inserted by Messrs. Crabtree and Co., on behalf of their clients in the soft goods line, and answered it.

The rivalry that ensued to secure the appointment opened our eyes to the bitterness that may exist among business men.

The first gentleman who applied to Mr. Joseph was taken into the City. In a showroom there he was presented to the head of the firm.

He was shown a number of orders from well-known firms, all of which appeared genuine, and helped, we suppose, to create the absolutely futile turnover of £30,000.

In all conscience, that must have been a shockingly bad year. Our sympathies go out to the firm!

The tricks of the trade

But to return. Our friend and his new friends got along swimmingly. The job was thrown at him. It did not matter a tinker's curse that he knew nothing about that line of business. He would soon learn the "tricks of the trade," he was assured.

It was amicably suggested that he should put down a 10 per cent. deposit. This came in easy stages, until it was not so amicably suggested that surely £2 would not ruin him.

The solicitor's, bank's, etc., references? Not until the deposit was paid or he had shown a real interest, he was informed, would these all-important documents be placed before him. But no, our friend was adamant.

Foolish hesitancy

He felt that as Joseph had been so accommodating in the matter of reducing the deposit he would only be too willing to allow him time to consider the matter.

So back he went with Mr. Joseph to New Oxford Street, where that gentleman summoned all his staff, or, to be precise, another gentleman, to help him persuade our friend that he was, indeed, foolish not to clinch the deal at once.

Our friend got tired sooner than Mr. Joseph, and said he would put the matter in the hands of his solicitors. This was greeted with metaphorical howls of derision from Mr. Joseph and his staff.

It was nimbly suggested that he was liable for prosecution for causing so much trouble, while knowing that a deposit was required beforehand.

Now, what about our other friend? Mr. Joseph accompanied him to the offices of the firm in question, and he was told that it required no references, but wanted a cash security of £250. No, a guarantee bond would not do.

The position that was open to him carried a weekly salary of £4 and 5 per cent. commission, and if he did not make £1,000 a year then he was no good. Quite.

A big drop

Innocently, our friend lisped something about being interested in the offer. With a lightning gesture, Mr. Joseph produced an agreement already filled in with our friend's name and address.

He then handed it to him for his signature. Our friend pleaded for one short day to consider the matter, and continued to do so all the way back on the 'bus to Oxford Street.

His fellow traveller, Mr. Joseph, warned him of the danger of someone more pushing than himself snapping up the position.

Our friend said he would take the risk, and Mr. Joseph apparently loathes people who take risks because he suggested that £20 would secure him the job.

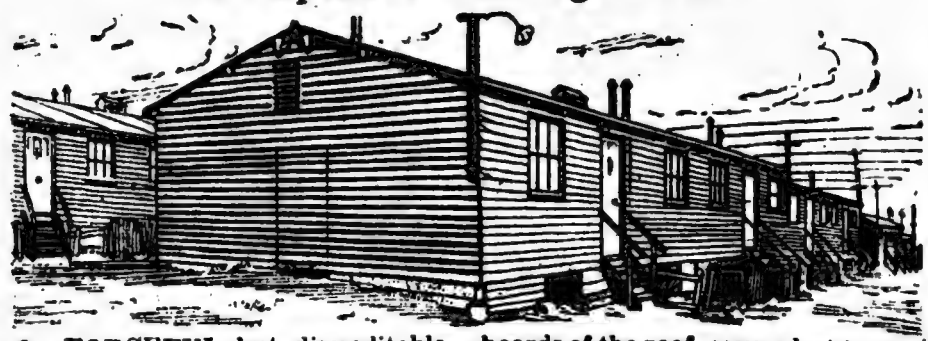
At the next stop he came down to £10. Finally, in anything but a pleasant tone of voice, he offered to exchange £2 10s. for a receipt.

Here, however, our friend got off the 'bus. We think he was right.

A COUNCIL'S SHAME

HEART-BREAK HUTS

An Expensive Housing Scheme



A FORCEFUL, but discreditable, illustration of the scandalous manner in which the housing problem has been handled by many local authorities is afforded by the record of the Tynemouth Borough Council.

Possibly it will speak boastfully of the fact that it has expended no less than £12,500 in coping with its housing difficulties and that it has succeeded in providing no fewer than twenty-nine "modern, self-contained, four-roomed houses," which it lets to twenty-nine families at the low rental of 13s. 1d. per week.

But before the Tynemouth Borough Council is applauded for its wonderful achievement, we would invite consideration of the following facts:

Houses that are not

It is perfectly true that £12,500 has been expended in the above connection, but the dwellings concerned are not houses in any sense of the word.

They are, to be precise, nothing more than old Army huts—temporary wooden shanties, separated only by thin boards, and resting on wooden beams that have simply been placed across old drain pipes, stuck vertically in the ground.

The illustration on this page is a typical example of the type of dwelling for which tenants are at present paying 13s. 1d. a week.

And, before mistaken conclusions are formed, let us explain that each hut, which is only 120 ft. long, and about 20 ft. wide, is divided into four "modern, self-contained houses"! Thus, the combined weekly rental amounts to no less than £2 12s. 4d.!

Appearances that are deceptive

It is true that these huts have been made available for four families by the provision of partitions and doors, and that each division has been provided with a cooking-range and good sewerage.

Some of these converted huts are, about 2 ft. from the ground where the latter is sloping, and already the primitive timber and drain-pipe foundations show signs of decay.

What at first sight appears to be a solid concrete foundation is only a thin cement wall, designed to keep out the force of gales from beneath the floors. And in many instances these walls have crumbled away.

As may be imagined, the interiors of these makeshift dwellings are far from attractive. The two small bedrooms have no heating facilities and even lack ceilings. Only the sloping boards of the roof, covered with tarred felt, are visible above.

All cooking has to be done in the living-room, which, although lighted by electricity, is not provided with gas. Paper pasted over cracks and crevices and inferior woodwork are common sights in these twenty-nine dwellings. In cases where the luxury of wall-paper is in evidence it has been provided by the tenants themselves.

Foolhardy and unbusinesslike

Dampness is prevalent in many of these huts, and water from the roof-gutters pours down the spouting and finds its way to earth as best it can.

It is surely difficult to believe that any public body could have been so utterly foolhardy and unbusinesslike as to spend the formidable sum of £12,500 in acquiring old Army huts and in converting them to provide such unsatisfactory dwellings.

Surely the total expenditure of £12,500, which, of course, includes the cost of conversion, street and sewage works, could have been incurred with more wisdom? Could it not have been devoted to the purchase of, say, a dozen large and substantial brick houses, capable of housing the twenty-nine families under reasonable conditions? We rather think it could.

Let us view the scandal from another angle.

Tenants' small comfort

Tenants who have been in these dwellings since they were first acquired seven years ago, have already paid in rent and rates much more than the actual worth of the paltry dwellings.

And, for all the authorities seem to care, they may go on paying, and suffering untold inconvenience while they pay.

When this costly and prodigal scheme was first embarked upon, the chairman of the housing committee told the council that the existing sewers could be adapted for brick houses that "might replace the huts twenty years hence."

This is small comfort for the twenty-nine unfortunate tenants who, after seven years of hardship, can hope for no alleviation of their plight until another thirteen years have passed.

The public will join with us in asserting that the scandal of this incredible expenditure and its farcical achievements are matters which merit immediate enquiry on the part of the Minister of Health.

BIG CITY FAILURE

SKIN GAME DISCLOSURES

A Furrier in Flight

NINE times out of ten one has more reason to pity a rogue than to be indignant on his account. He rarely goes very far before he has ample time and leisure to realise that crime most emphatically does not pay.

There are striking exceptions to the rule—meteoric rascals who play havoc in the business or the social world at considerable profit to themselves, and get away with it.

A supreme example is Mr. Jack Derek Lacey, a merchant of St. Paul's Churchyard, whose speciality, until some six weeks ago, was furs. He has made his business friends wonder whether it is really worth while to be honest!

Mr. Lacey has lately disappeared from his familiar haunts, leaving a trail of misery behind him. He has taken with him a very large sum of money, possibly £100,000. We, at least, have traced £75,000 of "debts."

How did he do it? Some insight into his methods can be obtained through the recent unhappy experiences of a Mr. Edward William Birdseye.

Mr. Birdseye has traded for some years as a broker in chemicals and various produce, and, until recently, bore an excellent financial and business record. His creditors and business acquaintances were therefore astounded when he suddenly failed with liabilities of nearly £140,000.

Remarkable discoveries

What was the explanation of this colossal failure? A trustee was appointed to investigate Mr. Birdseye's affairs and has made some remarkable discoveries.

It appears that everything was all right until Mr. Birdseye opened a furrier's business (about which he knew nothing), in conjunction with two people named Cohen and Annison.

The affairs of this venture, which has ended with liabilities of approximately £140,000, were largely in the hands of Cohen and Annison, and Mr. Birdseye contends that his failure was due to his placing too much reliance upon them.

The trustee, however, submits that Mr. Birdseye must have been aware of the transactions between Annison, Cohen and various purchasers, and has prevented Mr. Birdseye from trading again for a number of years.

Who got the profits?

With such formidable figures involved, one may well ask who has profited in this venture. One, we are able to state, is Mr. Jack Derek Lacey, who was a customer in the aforementioned business.

Mr. Lacey, as we have said, traded for some months as a furrier under the very shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. He was no mean exponent of the "skin" game.

With a recklessness that would be hard to equal, he obtained goods on extended credit, and although he displayed undoubted business ability when ordering goods, he was most unbusinesslike when it came to paying for them!

Disappointed merchants who asked for the return of their goods when it became clear that no money was likely to be forthcoming, realised that they had been doubly "skinned."

What, then, was the ultimate fate of all the goods that Mr. Lacey obtained on credit? Where, for instance, are those that he obtained from Mr. Birdseye?

A big haul

When the latter's books came to be examined, it was discovered that Mr. Cohen had been in the habit of buying skins on two months' credit and disposing of them to customers, introduced by himself, on six months' credit.

At the same time, he was drawing heavy commission into the bargain. Such a procedure could hardly lead to anything but disaster.

And £22,000 worth of goods, ordered in this way, had been supplied to Mr. Lacey!

Our own investigations show that Mr. Lacey has endless creditors. He even disappeared without paying the rent of his city office, and eluded a warrant officer who was clamouring for rates and taxes long overdue.

It was the trustee in Mr. Birdseye's bankruptcy who applied to the court for a receiving order against him.

A curious feature of this development is that Mr. Lacey, in spite of the fact that he did not emerge from his obscurity to appear in person, actually had the impertinence to appeal against the receiving order!

When an order was made by the Official Receiver for Lacey to file his statement of affairs, he ignored it. He also failed to appear for his public examination some weeks ago, when similarly ordered by the court to do so.

Mr. Registrar Francke, who recently gave leave to the Official Receiver to apply in Chambers for a warrant for Lacey's arrest

In his absence a statement was made to the effect that Lacey was "believed" to be in America.

No definite proof, however, would appear to be forthcoming, and it was actually asserted that, although "believed" to be there, his address was unknown.

Now comes the information that a warrant has been issued for his arrest, but there is every likelihood that this case will be added to the ever-growing list of impudent business swindles, in which the central figures have made dishonesty pay by quietly disappearing at the crucial moment.

We have shown that the sums involved are very considerable, and we would urge the City police to spare no pains to bring Mr. Jack Derek Lacey to the witness-box, where his various creditors would be glad to hear him give an explanation of his curious conduct.

A FUNNY MIX-UP!

SWINGING A LEAD MINE

A Hush-Hush Mystery

ADVERTISEMENTS have recently appeared in the Press calling for a partner in a lead mine. Nothing very romantic or mysterious in that, it may be said; but people who have replied to these advertisements have discovered otherwise.

They have been favoured with a communication from a gentleman named William Johnston, who resides in Truro, Cornwall. Mr. Johnston describes himself as a broker and journalist, and conducts his correspondence upon notepaper headed "Canadian Pacific Railway—Land Agency."

The air of mystery

The letters from Truro have little to impart concerning the lead mine announcement. Applicants are referred by Mr. Johnston to "my friend, Mr. George Macdonald, c/o F. S. Grosvenor, Moorgate, London."

The air of exclusiveness and mystery is further heightened when applicants get into touch with the said Mr. Macdonald, for the latter hints that the mining matter is of too great importance to be handled by correspondence.

He suggests that an appointment should be made without delay in order that the whole question can be gone into.

Abusing an honoured name

What does it all mean? Why all this hush-hush atmosphere? What secret lies behind this wonderful partnership proposition that it has to be approached in such a roundabout manner?

Of course, the very fact that the initial letters bear the name of the Canadian Pacific Railway is enough to inspire confidence, but here we are able to explode mystery No. 1. On making enquiries at the headquarters of this famous company we were informed that Mr. Johnston had no authority whatever to use its name.

Mystery No. 2 requires greater elucidation. The mine in question is the Cyffty Lead Mine, situated in Carnarvon, which is about as far away from Truro as Mr. Johnston is from the office of his dear friend Mr. Macdonald.

For many years it has been owned and run by the Metallurgical and Mining Syndicate, which was established thirty years ago, and which has enjoyed an inglorious career.

Applications for fresh capital have been made upon its hapless shareholders.

Always the money has been absorbed, and those who were foolish enough to provide it have very remote hopes of ever seeing any of it again.

Other irons in the fire

Its last available balance-sheet—issued at the end of June, 1924—discloses the illuminating fact that the cash then in hand was under £10, while there were creditors for something like £16,000! It is now in process of liquidation!

In view of the Cyffty Mine's long record of futility, how can "my friend" Mr. George Macdonald have the heart and optimism to search for a partner with money to make a fresh endeavour to reap a fortune that has not materialised in thirty years?

A word to the wise

But perhaps he is not counting upon this disappointing mine alone, for we find that he has several other irons in the fire.

From the same address in Moorgate, Mr. Macdonald is offering by circular various shares for sale.

Some of these refer to a concern called Ekins, Son and Percival (1926), Ltd., a boot manufacturing business, which was formed only a few months ago for the purpose of taking over an old-established concern.

The information Mr. Macdonald imparts in his circulars regarding the concern is somewhat meagre, and we strongly advise investors to make the fullest enquiries before parting with any cash.

With the above facts to guide them, we feel sure that our readers will need no further word of counsel, but will close their ears to Macdonald's allurements.

New "Movie" Movement

Hope for Film Aspirants

FILM aspirants will possibly be interested to learn that a valiant attempt is to be made to give them just the opportunity for which they are waiting.

A concern called the British Pacific Film Production Company, Ltd., is advertising to the effect that a monthly course of training is being given for the benefit of talented artistes desirous of acting in films.

"One of the best film producers and pedagogues from abroad has been engaged," we are told, and aspirants are asked to call for further particulars at an office in Vernon Place, Southampton Row.

Some taking titles

One gentleman who called upon the British Pacific Film Production Co., Ltd., was received by an elderly lady, who informed him that if he paid £4 4s. he would be given a month's training of twelve lessons, and might subsequently be taken on the staff.

On making one or two enquiries regarding this "British" enterprise, we find that the "principal managing director and chief producer" is an Austrian Pole, Jean de Kucharski, who claims to be the producer of seventeen "great film works."

Amongst these great works, which are all enumerated in a circular, we must confess there are some that sound particularly striking. There is a spice of originality about such titles as "The Secret of the Tram Station," "Wedlock and Sword," "Splendour and Misery of an Apache," and "Love through Fire and Blood"!

With Mr. Kucharski in his venture are Mr. Stanley Marcell, senr., a hairdresser, Mr. Stanley Marcell, jun., and Mrs. Lina Zwingli-Hesse.

They intend to produce films "which, by showing English spirit and valour, will exercise an artistic and æsthetic influence on large crowds." By its efforts, British film production is to be given "commanding power."

A good time coming!

It is suggested that, with artist's specially trained "after the well-known method of Mr. Jean de Kucharski," the poor British film industry "must become great in the shortest possible time."

The drawback of climatic conditions is pooh-poohed. "England possesses the most wonderful colonies, the best talents and all necessary means. All that must only be well organised, a task to be undertaken by the British Pacific Film Production Company, Ltd."

"All necessary means" is a comprehensive phrase. But is Mr. Jean Kucharski confident that, after the film aspirants have parted with their four guineas, a brief month's training will make them competent to take part in his ambitious scheme?

We wonder, also, if his proposition is likely to "exercise an artistic and æsthetic influence on large crowds."

No, John! NO, JOHN!! NO!!!

SOLD AT SEVENTY

Shameful Official Shuffle

LIVING alone in a little toolshed on his allotment at Lansdowne Gardens, Newcastle, is a hearty old son of the soil named John Jackson. John is a real good sort.

He was seventy on August 23 last year and a few days later he made his way down to the Jesmond Road post office.

John was going to draw his first week's old-age pension, and being a good old sort he was looking on it as something in the nature of a grateful country's reward for a life well lived.

He had in his pocket a letter from the Newcastle-on-Tyne Pensions Committee, which read as follows:

"You are hereby informed that by their decision dated the 31st day of August, 1926, the Pension Committee have allowed your claim for a pension and that you are entitled to a pension at the weekly rate of 10s., payment in respect of which will be made as from Friday, the 27th day of August, 1926, inclusive."

The letter further instructed him to go to the Jesmond Road post office where payment would be made. When old John got to the post office there was a hitch.

A cruel disappointment

Before his pension could be paid he was told he must produce a book, and as he had not received any book old John was quite naturally disappointed.

So back he went to his little wooden hut and his fowls and flowers on his little patch of ground.

Old John decided to go down to the pensions office next morning to hurry up matters. He went, but he didn't get his book.

There is a clause in the Act which says that since attaining the age of fifty the claimant must have resided in the United Kingdom for a total period of twelve years.

John has been over in Canada since he was fifty, but as his memory for dates and times is a little uncertain, and as he is out of touch with old friends, there is only his own word to prove that he was resident in England during twelve of the twenty years since he attained the age of fifty.

Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain

As near as he can calculate he was in Canada about six years and came back about four years ago.

However hazy old John may be about dates, it is no excuse for the niggardly and inexplicable action of the Ministry of Health, especially as he was still within the Empire and not in a foreign country while residing overseas.

On the very day that the Pension Committee decided old John was entitled to his pension, the pension officer objected to the decision.

The pension officer having appealed, it would have been equitable at least to allow old John the benefit of the committee's decision until such time as the appeal was settled.

But no: Old John hasn't received a penny.

A shabby trick

On January 3 this year he received a disappointment—a blow in fact—which might have had tragic consequences to many an old soul of weaker spirit.

It came in the form of another letter from the same Pensions Committee:

"You are hereby informed that the decision of the Minister of Health upon your claim in respect of which an appeal was made by the pension officer against the decision of the Pension Committee thereon, given on the 31st day of August, 1926, is as follows:—That the claimant is not entitled to a pension."

We think it is a gross scandal that the administration of old-age pensions allows two such letters to be sent to an aged claimant, the first one raising his hopes and the second blasting them.

The guardians had been sympathetic and had granted him 10s. a week, but naturally he would rather have seen that dreamed-of reward for his life's work come true through the medium of a pension.

To bamboozle old people as old John has been bamboozled is a shabby trick, and we look to the Minister of Health to take steps to prevent its repetition.

Moreover, that residence within the Empire can be a bar to the granting of a pension is an injustice which needs legislative attention.

A TRICKY HIRE-PURCHASE FIRM

BEDSTEADS AND BLUFF!

Tales Spun by Webbs

OVER a long period of years a concern known as F. Webb's Furnishing Stores, of High Road, Tottenham, seems to have pursued misleading methods of trading.

Its usual practice is to attract people by advertisements which are worded in such a manner that nine out of ten readers jump to a wrong conclusion.

Applicants are favoured with a schedule of furniture. The price is attractive and a note in capital letters adds that "deposit would secure."

The wonderful opportunity

Again and again we hear from disappointed people who, believing they are confronted with a wonderful opportunity of getting a little home together, have paid their deposits, to find that the word "secure," as used by Webb, does not necessarily indicate actual delivery of the furniture.

Most people will agree that full details of hire-purchase terms and prices should be advertised before a deposit is accepted.

We have before us a tragic letter from an old soldier, stating that he has just been misled in much the same manner as we have indicated above.

A cruel disappointment

Having a small pension, he had secured the option on a cottage, and an announcement of Webb's to the effect that a "complete home" was going at "22 guineas cash; deposit would secure," made particular appeal.

He forwarded £7 at once and, like many others, was destined to be disappointed.

Instead of receiving the anticipated furniture, on which he thought he had paid approximately one-third as cash deposit, he received an agreement to purchase furniture to the value of £27 6s., plus £1 5s. for packing.

Moreover, he was asked to state whether he owed any rent, how long he had resided at his present address, how long he had held his present occupation and numerous other questions.

The distracted home-builder wrote to Webb's and pointed out that he had not understood that the furniture was to be purchased on those terms, and he requested the refund of his £7.

Up to a recent date he had not received any refund and the cottage that he and his family had hoped to share has slipped through their fingers in the meantime.

Webb's, as we say, have been practising these methods of business for years.

The judge's hope

Two years ago, in the Edmonton County Court, his Honour Judge Crawford declared that Webb's methods revealed a disgraceful state of things, and he took exception to their habit of imposing fresh terms *after* they had accepted a deposit. He further expressed the hope that some authority would stop it.

The fact that complaints still arise reveals a lamentable state of apathy on the part of the authorities, who, having been given a forcible hint from a learned judge, have apparently done nothing.

TO call out for peace is easy enough. But there is a price to be paid for peace, and all must contribute to the payment. Good intention must be backed up by solid work with hand and brain

Medicine for Murder!

By NORMAN ANGELL

ASK twenty people "What is the cause of war?" and you will get twenty different answers. A question as to its cure would reveal a variety and divergence of views greater still. Yet cause and cure alike are visible enough to the simplest and least learned who cares to think a moment.

Suppose that here in Britain, as the result of some great catastrophe, like a new Black Death, the organisation of society were utterly to fall to pieces and our institutions to disappear: Parliament no longer met, courts no longer sat, police all gone, laws no longer enforced, so that each was left to be his own judge of his own rights, to take what he needed to satisfy his wants, as his own strength enabled him.

Each who could would arm himself as some measure of protection; revolvers, if obtainable, would be as common as in a western mining camp. Yet that arming would not give peace, and only the most precarious security, for society would have resolved into its original anarchy.

National anarchy

And recovery would not take place, nor peace be restored, nor men drop arming themselves, until a considerable group of the people, acting together, took steps to restore law and to render effective its protection to the unarmed (using, possibly, an organised police) as against those who should try to defy the law. Until that step were taken people would continue to arm; each his own law-maker—that is to say, the anarchy would continue.

Well, it is in just such an anarchy that the nations live together. We realise that for individuals to live in peace within the nation we must organise society through constitutions, legislatures, parliaments, civil services, courts, police, administering or enforcing agreed rules as to our respective rights and obligations; that if each went his own way a law unto himself, so that the weak had no rights which the strong need respect, the whole thing would end in chaos.

Why, then, should we expect peace and disarmament as between nations while insisting, as we do in fact, that each shall be a law unto itself, that each shall be "independent and sovereign," with "no interference in our affairs by foreigners;" which means, of course, that there shall be no international constitution or legislature or law or police; none of those things which we know to be the price of peace and disarmament as between individuals.

Why nations go to war

Are nations, then, so much better in their code of conduct than individuals? The standard of morals in national behaviour is of course much worse than in personal behaviour. We all shout with a thrill, "Our country right or wrong," "Our country first," "Our country above all others," "Ourselves alone." (Suppose as individuals each were to say: "Me right or wrong. Me first. Me alone.")

Why should the less moral nations live more successfully in a state of anarchy than would the more moral individuals in those circumstances?

Here plainly, then, is the reason why nations still go to war when individuals have long since abandoned it. In the case of the individuals, society is organised; in the case of the nations it is not. In the case of individuals we have paid the price of peace and disarmament; in the case of the nations we have not.

What about the League and Locarno? Good beginnings assuredly, but still extremely precarious. Britain still refuses to tie herself to the arbitration principle she guarantees for others. It is still considered "smart" to deride the whole effort for peace; the "stunt" press particularly never misses an opportunity of belittling it.

The perils of division

And, worst of all, the advocates of peace themselves are divided as to the proper steps towards the organisation of an international society. The public generally, therefore, is so hazy and uncertain about what is indispensable and what is not, that it may quite conceivably at some crisis, when only faith and patience and, it may be, the taking of one kind of risk in preference to another, could save those beginnings, decide in a moment of passion to throw the thing overboard.

That is why it is still so vital to stand, not vaguely for "peace," which, of course, everyone favours, but for paying the necessary price; why, therefore, it is so vital to know just what that minimum price is.

The basis of all organised society as we have known it, among human beings, is the readiness of the community to defend the weak against the strong—that is, to ensure to the weak their rights under the law.

If society said to its members: "This is the law or rule which we have drawn up so that you can live in your house, or cultivate your field and enjoy its fruits, or use this road or river; but, of course, if someone stronger than you comes along and turns you and your children out of your house and takes the crops from your fields, we, the community, will just look on and do nothing about it," why, then, of course, each individual member would arm for protection—that is to say, occasionally use those arms to enforce what he regarded his rights in a quarrel; in other words, revert to anarchy.

When defiance stops

And this would happen, not because all men are naturally wicked robbers, for they are not; but because it is often very difficult to know on which side right is. In that early primitive time one can imagine one patriarch saying to another, "The floods destroyed my crops. My children starve. Your crops are so abundant that you cannot gather them; I shall take of them wherewith to keep my children from death," and the owner of the crops objecting: "If I allowed that, every hungry beggar would ask as much, and I should have naught." Where is the right?

The bloodiest and most obstinate quarrels are those in which each side, with some reason, honestly believes itself to be in the right. Where "two rights" are thus in conflict, we are told that war is inevitable. That is not true, for within the nation and over wide areas where once man went to war over such things, we have now stopped it completely.

How? By saying to each contestant: "The party to a quarrel is not fit to be its judge. Each must submit to third party judgment embodied in law and its administrators. The party which defies that judgment will find the whole weight of the community against him." Then defiance usually drops, and the law rules.

But suppose the ordinary citizen said: "What! You ask me to bother my head about such a quarrel, to pay my good money for courts and police to interfere in what does not concern me. Let those concerned fight it out."

Then, once more, there would be no society,

Mr. Norman Angell

and the citizen so objecting to the cost of social institutions would soon find that he *was* concerned; that without them he would soon be obliged to defend his own house and fields, living in an anarchy more costly to him than the order which is maintained by his taxes and his poor rate.

A natural conclusion

Yet, whenever it is proposed to make a beginning in the building up of an international society and government, to lay what must be its cornerstone, which is a more definite and binding commitment to the principle of the League Covenant, that the defence of the nation obeying the law (to submit to arbitration) as against the aggression of the one defying it, is everybody's business—such idea is immediately opposed in powerful quarters in every party.

Whenever it is proposed to make a political and military reality of the plan by which any nation refusing to submit its quarrel to arbitration is to be regarded as the enemy of good order, and under which we are to use our power to protect the victim of its aggression and so render aggression costly and profitless, we get such a chorus of objections that foreign States may well be forgiven for supposing that our undertakings would not be carried out.

"Don't interefere in matters that don't concern us. Keep out of entanglements. Mind our own business. Keep our hands free. Let's judge when the time comes." It sounds sensible and cautious. And it is absolutely incompatible with real progress in disarmament or permanent peace.

Brows and brains must sweat!

The issue is plain enough. A says: "Suppose I reduce my armament. B attacks, refusing arbitration. What are you, our fellow Europeans, going to do?" And suppose we answer: "We will do nothing. You must defend yourself." A naturally retorts, "Then I will keep my armament," which means, of course, that B will keep his; each will try to be stronger than the other, and the attempt to realise that mathematical impossibility will end in war, into which, if it is a first-class one, we shall be dragged because "we must keep our hands free." Free, indeed!

The price of peace and disarmament will be in the foreign what it has been in the domestic field—the laborious building up of an organised society. Mere good intentions, a vague general good will and desire for peace, won't purchase it; that would be too cheap. Here, as elsewhere, we must win our salvation by the sweat of our brows and brains.

The Great 1/- Ballot

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Blind Childrens Ballot

in aid of the

ELLEN TERRY NATIONAL HOMES FOR BLIND DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

£1000 for 1/-

(OVER 90 OTHER MONEY PRIZES)

PRIZES

1st PRIZE		£1,000
2nd	"	£500
3rd	"	£100
4th	"	£50
20 PRIZES	of	£10
20	" "	£5
50	" "	£1

The Prize Money has been deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

100% of the profits of this Ballot are being handed over to the Ellen Terry National Homes.

SEND IN YOUR BOOK and ask for another.

Tickets 1/- each

or Book of 12 Tickets to sell to your friends 10/-

This Ballot has been organised on behalf of the Ellen Terry National Homes for Blind Defective Children, and funds are urgently needed. The greatest appeal to charity to-day is on behalf of the Blind, but when it comes to Blind Defective Children the appeal becomes of far greater urgency.

The Manager,

BLIND CHILDREN'S BALLOT,

21, Corner Buildings, 47, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

Under the auspices of the Braille League and "Savers of the Blind" League. Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.

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When the system is run-down the vitality is low and the body falls a victim to colds, coughs, influenza and other winter ailments.

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This unique concentration of Nature's most nourishing foods abundantly supplies those essential food elements which build up reserves of strength and vitality and give protection against the results of exposure to cold and rain.

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Enjoy real health and freedom from winter ailments by drinking delicious "Ovaltine" Tonic Food Beverage.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold in tins at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

The larger sized tins are more economical to purchase.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested, and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

1/6 & 2/6 per tin.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To EARL GREY,
Chester Terrace, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—You warn us that we must "not expect the League of Nations to do work for which it was not intended," and urge two main reasons for its inaction in China. I agree that civil war in the latter country has intensified tenfold every difficulty of negotiation, and that the League was not brought into being to deal with the internal affairs of any country. But it was intended to promote peace and prevent war. Therefore, however difficult and delicate the diplomatic situation, its counsels may be rightly sought whenever and wherever peace is threatened. In every heated argument the presence of an unbiased counsellor is invaluable. If the League is not this it is nothing, and, in my opinion, not worth preserving. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. N. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—The success you have found in fighting tuberculosis is splendid. In 1850 the recorded deaths each year from consumption were 3,000 per million of the people. By 1900 that figure was brought down to 1,300 per million, and by 1920 it had dropped to 788 per million This leaves hope that although we still have every year 80,000 notifications and 40,000 deaths from consumption, it is possible for the white scourge to be totally eliminated from our midst. I need not remind you that every slum demolished, and every little decent house put up in the sunshine, is a good step towards this end.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—You are appointing a new departmental committee on shop hours, to enquire what, if any, alterations are needed in the law relating to the closing of shops. On behalf of the purchasing public I want to see much more laxity in the matter. Many people hard at work all day hardly ever have the opportunity to enter an open shop, our streets are dull and lifeless and little traders are squeezed out of existence. While shop assistants need all possible protection against the unscrupulous, there is a tremendous amount of unemployment among women and others that would be lightened if a relay system of service was adopted. JOHN BULL.

To Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.,
John Street, W.C.

DEAR MADAM,—You raise a sore question when you attack the restaurant "tip." Many persons, both men and women, are glad to recognise courtesy and encourage good service by a small tip, but I agree that the principle of the thing is unsound. Waiting at table, like every other form of useful work, should have a monetary reward sufficient to provide the worker with decent living. And why restaurant-keepers, any more than other business people, should leave wages to be eked out by tips from their customers is beyond me. JOHN BULL.

To THE CITY CORPORATION,
Birmingham.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—One of the most tragic features of the housing shortage is the ban it places on marriage for young couples of small means. Yours is the most simple and direct contribution that has been made towards solution of the problem—building blocks of double flats that can be sub-divided into living-room, bedroom, scullery and bath and letting the let at the pre-war rent of 6s. 3d. a week. For a further 3s. per week you add £20 worth of furniture, which in three years becomes the property of the tenant. It is a fine lead and I hope it will be followed.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. SAM ROWLEY,
Primitive Methodist Mission, Bradford.

REV. SIR,—When, in a sermon, you condemned the warmongers of the land, you added that if this country were again to conscript men, wealth and property should also be conscripted. If this were understood, the attitude of the militarists would undergo a quick change, you opine; and I agree. No more will the multitude rest content to fight for financiers whose one consideration other than the accumulation of wealth is the safety of their own precious skins. I am not surprised that your words were greeted with loud "Hear, hears." JOHN BULL.

To Miss ISABELLA McAULAY,
Cushenquarter, Stirlingshire.

DEAR MISS MCAULAY,—Of the 794,899 persons engaged in agriculture in this country I do not doubt that quite a goodly proportion are women. That they are fit for the job is proved by yourself. Taking part in a ploughing match at Bannockburn, you won a first and five other prizes. That's the sort of battle of Bannockburn everyone can approve. The only drawback to bigger land victories for women everywhere is the present rotten land system that keeps thousands and thousands of both sexes stewing in poverty in overcrowded towns, when they might so easily win health, wealth and happiness tilling the soil.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. BROWN,
Retired Head Night Porter, Royal Free Hospital.

DEAR SIR,—Were I asked to name the most harrowing and difficult job in the world, I should hesitate long before placing one in front of that of a porter in a London hospital. Yet for thirty-two years you held this post, and won the warm-hearted approval of patients and officials. You have spent some hectic nights, and seen many tragic sights and strange and revolting tasks often came your way. You have earned your rest, and I wish you long life in which to enjoy it.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. M. HITCHCOCK, Basingstoke.

SIR,—Your gratuitous insult to the miners was despicable in the extreme, and proves you to be one of those mischief-making irresponsibles who should be gagged in the interests of the State. To claim that the collapse of the strike was due to the shortage of beer-money was a libel and a lie, which only a skunk could have uttered. Hold your tongue till you learn to speak without insulting better men than yourself!

JOHN BULL.

To Miss LILIAN BAYLISS,
The "Old Vic.," Waterloo Road, S.E.

DEAR MISS BAYLISS,—The announcement that £11,000 has already been subscribed towards the £15,000 necessary for the partial reconstruction and reseating of your theatre is splendid reading. I trust you will soon be in a position to proceed with the scheme for founding a second and similar playhouse at Sadler's Wells, since, as I have so often said before, I hold it would be difficult to over-estimate the civilising and educational value of your work. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD PARMOOR: "It is fantastic to suggest that we can protect widely scattered nationals by armed force."

In other words, the new citizen carries his own protection if he acts rightly to his new country.

* * *

SIR HERBERT BLAIN: "There never was a time when so much deep thinking was being done by the wage-earners."

A good reason why a bit more and better thinking should be done by the "ruling classes."

* * *

MR. KIRKWOOD, M.P.: "We are not out for peace in industry, but for war."

And that's why you'll find many formidable opponents out after you.

* * *

MR. WALTER LEAF: "Socialism is a relic of the Victorian age."

Which persists because the things it seeks to combat are relics from the pre-historic age.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE!

PRESENTATION PICTURE FREE. The picture below, specially drawn by Mr. Septimus Scott, is that artist's conception of perfect physical fitness. An art proof on sepia of this beautiful design, size 12" x 10" free of advertising matter and suitable for framing, will be sent free of charge on receipt of 2d. (for postage) and a wrapper from a bottle of Wincarnis. Write, marking envelope Presentation Picture, to the address below.

gloriously alive!

THE consciousness of perfect physical fitness. When you know it is supremely good just to be alive. When you feel that every nerve and muscle are working in harmony and with power, that you are equal to any task, any problem, any emergency. Then, and only then, is Life worth living.

When you have warmth within that resists the cold without, a store of sunshine in the veins to challenge sunless days, reserves of strength equal to the heaviest demand, then indeed you are magnificently alive.

You can have all this. Take your place in the sun. Take Wincarnis! You need strength — it is there! You need warmth—it is there! You need hopefulness, cheerfulness, courageous energy—all these are there, in Wincarnis.

Let Wincarnis fight your winter battles. Let it help you on through the mists and the fogs, the treacherous winds, the cold mornings and the dreary evenings. Let it help you against Influenza. Fortify yourself. Wincarnis will help you to stand four square and strong against all these ills.

Wincarnis is comforting, stimulating, vitalizing. Wincarnis diffuses warmth, it imparts energy and courage. It gives colour to pale cheeks and sparkle to tired eyes.

There's sunshine and health in every glass of Wincarnis.

WINCARNIS

The GOOD Tonic Wine

Large Size 5/-. Medium Size 3/. From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Licensed Chemists.

Messrs. Coleman & Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

The Modern Idea of Cleanliness

To-day the regular use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets is an unmistakable mark of refinement.

Because modern ideas of personal care require a clean mouth and sweet breath.

Wrigley's brings these results in a very thorough way.

It loosens and flushes away the particles of food that have escaped the brush, cleanses the mouth through the antiseptic action of its pleasing flavour, then assists digestion by stimulating the flow of essential juices.

Wrigley's is a sweet, of course —a delightful sweet, enjoyed by people of all ages—freely, because it's so very inexpensive.

But it's a *useful* sweet as well, so effective an instrument of mouth cleanliness that refined people use it.

WRIGLEY'S

E.G.6m

Without Fear or Favour— *—by the Editor*

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

Democracy's Big Stick

WE are rather a messy people. We trend to think loosely and act crudely. If we would only learn to ignore words and pin our politicians sternly down to deeds, we should emerge with startling rapidity from a period of muddle to a period of unexampled prosperity

THE people can have what the people want. Just as soon as we really want plenty of houses, and good houses, we can have them. Just as soon as we want an end to profiteering, an end to unemployment, an end to all the mess and muddle that characterises the post-war world, we can have them, too.

If we do not get any of these things, it is simply that we do not want them badly enough. We have the only power that matters in a democracy—the power of the vote.

We have, in our own hands, complete and absolute power to return to the House of Commons men who are pledged to carry out the things they were told to carry out.

If there are in the House of Commons a large number of men who are not giving us the things we want, it is because we have not sent the right men to Westminster.

The shameless breaking of the Government's categorical pledge to introduce the Factory Bill in the new session that has just opened is calling forth diatribes of all sorts from those who wanted the Factory Bill. Nothing, of course, could possibly excuse the cynical disregard of this pledge, but how many people really wanted this Bill?

How many people, when the present Government was returned to power, gave such a thing as a Factory Bill a moment's thought, or considered it half as important as the price of beer, or the fact that a handful of British scatterbrains were shouting that they would like to emulate the dubious doings of the Soviet?

EVERY time the Government throws millions of the taxpayers' money into the bottomless pit of armament waste there is an outcry, and the country resounds to loud yells for economy.

Why do we not see to it, when we have the chance at an election, that no man goes back to Westminster unless he is pledged up to the hilt to see that this waste does not take place? Where is the sense of allowing the Government to throw the money away, and then turn round and tell it it should not have done so?

The only sound method is to give it its orders before it takes up the reins of office. It is perfectly possible for this to be done, for there was never yet a politician born who did not spend his political life with both ears close to the ground to catch the very first faint rumblings of electoral discontent.

There must have been watering mouths the last few days over a speech just delivered by President Coolidge.

"Six years ago," he said, "the costs of the Government were over £1,100,000,000, or just over £10 per head. The total taxes were nearly £980,000,000, and the index figure of the cost of living was over 190.

"We have reduced the costs of Government by nearly £400,000 000, and the index cost of living has gone down to 170. Out of surplus earnings we have paid off nearly a quarter of our national debt, and furnished many millions of pounds to stabilise and refinance other parts of the world."

IT is a very rosy picture. If Mr. Baldwin were to make a similar speech he could not paint a picture of this country comparable to this. Yet there is not the slightest reason on earth why he should not be able to do so.

The history of the last few years in America has been an uninterrupted tale of strict attention to business, not only in the factory but in the Government department.

There is no other secret. If we want to be able to say similar things about our own country, it is up to us to see when next we get an opportunity to use our votes that we add brains to our pencils, and concentrate on the things that matter, and ignore the innumerable red herrings that the politicians will, as usual, attempt to drag across our paths.

Divorce and Discretion

ONCE again Mr. Justice Hill has exercised his "discretion" in favour of a divorce petitioner whose own conduct would, in the ordinary course, have disentitled her to a decree. "In this respect," declares his lordship, "there is a changed practice in the Divorce Court."

All who detest humbug will receive this intimation with relief.

At the same time, it may well be argued that when judges find it necessary on the score of public policy to override a long-established legal practice, it is time the law was examined to see where the fault lies.

In theory it remains the law that if a marriage has gone wrong on both sides, husband and wife alike having formed rival attachments, the situation is to be regarded as beyond legal cure.

Since 1923, a wife may, upon the pretext of a single act of unfaithfulness, obtain the annulment of her marriage, with all its incalculable consequences to the future of her children.

The husband's right to act likewise upon similar provocation has never been in doubt. Yet, when a marriage has gone so completely to pieces that both parties have taken other partners, the law declares that the original union, though for all practical purposes at an end, shall exist as a legal fiction for the rest of their natural lives.

As the Divorce Court judges have constantly pointed out, the effect is to hinder many who would otherwise wish to clothe their new unions with the forms of law and morality.

This being so, it is satisfactory to know that judicial discretion is being more freely exercised than formerly, but it would be better all round to put the divorce law itself into a saner shape.

The Man with a Heart

THE man who gave the pleasure of wireless to the hospitals is dead.

It was Hugh Jones, of Fleet Street, who conceived the big idea of giving to every man, woman and child, in every hospital in the metropolitan area, the chance of trying to forget their pain by listening to radio entertainment.

That he was editorial director of the *Daily News*, a post to which hard work had taken him from the humblest job, seemed almost the least important thing about him.

What really mattered was his great heart, his abounding energy, and his capacity of thinking and feeling for others, particularly the suffering.

Only a big man with a big heart could have inspired others to carry the hospital wireless through.

It was a stupendous task, but Hugh Jones accomplished it. £34,000 was raised to equip 15,781 beds in 122 hospitals, and then, as an extra, another £2,500 was raised to provide all the lighthouses and lightships with wireless.

He is gone, at the short age of forty-three, but his spirit lives on, thrilling and cheering lonely folk, and putting heart and hope into the ailing who, in hospitals, listen in by wireless.

Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States. Never since he took office has he ceased to reiterate that the two essentials of prosperous democracy are peace and Governmental economy. How successful he has been, his latest speech proves abundantly

The House Beautiful

MR. BALDWIN is a man of vision. He sees what is before him, but he also sees what might be.

He hates the endless rows of brick boxes with slate lids in which so many millions are condemned to live, and he makes a powerful plea for something more beautiful to take their place.

Mr. Baldwin is a student of history. He knows that in the days gone by even the labourers' cottages were pleasing to the eye, and that is why he speaks of "reviving" homes that are beautiful.

It was the rapid spread of industrialism in this country that brought the blight of ugliness; and even now, when workers' dwellings are in question, the thought of making them less depressingly ugly is hardly ever faced.

That is why Mr. Baldwin must insist. He has started the ball. He must keep it rolling. It will not be easy, if the older members of his Party have their way.

According to Sir John Lorden, President of the National Federation of Property Owners, "There will be more property built in the current year than can be either sold *or even let*."

But what sort of property? It is to be big property, expensive property, middle-class house lots that are picturesque and beautiful enough.

It is not to be property that meets the need of men like the ex-soldier of Bedwas, who, although in receipt of a pension of 29s. a week, is living, with his wife, five boys and two girls, in a fowl shed 12 ft. by 8 ft. and 5 ft. to the eaves.

Neither does it help Bethnal Green, Deptford, the big industrial towns of the North, nor any place where homes for workers in thousands are needed.

The Minister for Health is said to be very busy indeed approving schemes of housing for such as these. Let him listen to the words of his chief.

The Backbone Break

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

"SO when the world is asleep, and there seems no hope of her waking
Out of some long bad dream, that makes her mutter and moan,
Suddenly, all men rise to the sound of fetters breaking,
And everyone smiles at his neighbour, and tells him his soul is his own."

The Rt. Hon. Lord Bledisloe, Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture

THE most down-trodden of our people to-day are those who form the dying remnants of the peasantry which was once the boast of England.

"I was staying in a lonely village which I have known for twenty years," wrote someone a few months ago; "the cottages are nearly all badly overcrowded. Young people marrying leave the village as a matter of course.

"The chief of life's terrors for the farm labourer is illness, for the cottages are 'tied,' and the farmers turn a sick labourer out to make room for one who can work . . . .

"The labourer's family gets meat once a week, or perhaps once a fortnight. The village, like any other lowly organism, manages to exist and that is about all."

Scandalous wages

That picture might serve for a description of nine out of ten of our agricultural communities. Is it any wonder that if the sons and daughters of the farm labourer are any good at all their only desire is to get away from agriculture?

In Lincolnshire, despite the fact that agricultural workers are well organised, the minimum wage is 35s. a week. In Norfolk it is 30s. a week. In Suffolk the wage was raised last August. It used to be 29s. 2d. It is now 30s.!

It is not difficult to see what wages like this mean. Not so long ago a number of weekly budgets of farm workers in Cambridgeshire were collected. I take two at random. In each case the family consists of a man, wife and three children. They spent on food 17s. a week.

When they had paid for such things as rent, coal, soap and a few odds and ends they were finished. There was no provision made, nor was there any possible, for boots, clothing, sickness, or old age, much less any of the ordinary comforts of life.

Making angels weep

How do such people live? They don't. They exist. They exist in misery, poverty and fear.

It is this sort of human tragedy that lies at the root of Sir George Newman's bald statements in a recent report that he found in a Devonshire school seventeen out of nineteen "infants" with seriously impaired physique, and among the older children eleven out of forty-one.

Think of the 20 per cent. of the 10,000 rural children selected at random who were found "suffering from impaired physique." Do you realise what it means?

Do you realise that it means that their parents who tilled the soil and grew the food were unable to get sufficient of that food to bring up their children in normal health and strength?

It is enough to make angels weep to read this in a report by a school medical officer: "One formerly pictured the country child with a chubby face, pink cheeks, bright eyes, and sturdy figure.

"Now you find many of the children in country schools, excepting the children of the farmers, pale-faced, anæmic-looking, with eyes lacking lustre, undersized, under-fed and sad-faced."

Workers or serfs?

It is impossible for any person in this country to starve. The *Daily Mail* told us so again and again during the coal stoppage.

The *Daily Mail* may be right, but there are children in this country whom we allow to come as near to it as makes no matter.

What is the remedy? Let us rather enquire first what is the real cause of what has become a national disease.

I answer unhesitatingly that it is land hunger. There is no agricultural country whose people are so landless as ours.

"Yet," says an authority, "our cities, our villages, our public parks, small gardens, docks, railways and common roads cover only 15 per cent. of the area of the country.

"Apart from this portion there are five acres of all kinds of land available per average family."

We are only shirking the inevitable if we refuse to think this problem out. We are only delaying the obvious if we refuse to devise means of bringing idle land into use and putting on it the land *workers* who at present are the merest land *serfs*.

No one could well accuse Lord Bledisloe, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture, of being a Bolshevik, yet this is what he says:

"Unless he (the landlord) justifies himself, nationalisation is inevitable; public opinion will demand his extinction. Most landowners have been for the last two generations mere rent receivers, and have possessed neither the knowledge nor the inclination personally to administer their own estates, still less to cultivate them on commercial lines."

What fools we are!

Then why should we go on meekly tolerating such a useless drag on our social system? Why do we not arise from this long bad dream of arrogant landowners?

Why should we allow the landlord to be a mere receiver of rent for land which he "owns" but does not use, land which he did not create and which he prevents those who would and could from turning into national wealth? Could not the State receive the rent just as easily?

I am not interested in these artificial Party-politic debates as to whether or not the land should be seized without compensation or whether it should be bought from its "owners."

I do not see that the question arises. I do not want to take land from any man. I do not want to buy land from any man. I want every man to have as much land as he can use.

The trouble is that so much of our land is at present in the hands of those who cannot use it and who will not let anyone else use it.

That is the only problem, and it could so easily be solved if the State said: "Keep your land by all means, but the rent is so much."

If the rent was the true economic rent of the land, no man could afford for long to pay for idle acres for the mere pride of ownership. He would either have to put the land into proper use or let someone else do so.

The land is the people's. Why should they not have it? Why should we continue to be shamed by the slums of town and village when so simple a remedy lies to our hand?

I can think of no reason except our own stupidity.

Mr. Philip Inman continues his new series dealing with sunshine in the slums. "In Sunshine Ward" will be continued later

The Angel of

"IT so happens that amongst my personal friends are a number of doctors who have chosen to spend their lives in the slum areas of the metropolis. From them I have heard stories of silent heroism which have thrilled me to the core, and I would like my readers to go with me into some of the poverty-stricken areas of the greatest city in the world.

Mr. Philip Inman

We shall see squalor and misery and vice, but I want us not to linger upon these things, but to pierce beneath the externals and to let our hearts keep time to the beating of the hearts of those who live there.

There is a courtyard right in the heart of London's East End which bears the name of Providence Alley. I have never seen so many people cramped into so small a space in my life. Outside, boys and girls of every size and age were indulging in all kinds of pastimes from "hop-scotch" to football.

For a short time I stood and watched them, and then with a doctor friend I went into one of the tenement buildings, and in five rooms we found twenty-eight people crowded together.

On the floor fast asleep were two children, a girl and a boy, trying to keep each other warm by huddling together. These bairns were suffering from the prevalent epidemic of influenza. In the centre of the room an improvised bed had been made of a plank and two trestles, and on it reclined a young woman, whilst in the far corner a man sat on an old soap-box, his head covered in his hands.

THE weird silence which surrounded us was only broken by the deep breathing of the girl on the bed, and as we approached her she opened her eyes and smiled. Then in a whisper she asked my friend, "Can I go 'to work to-morrow?" But before an answer could be given she started to cough, a racking cough which shook her from head to foot.

It was that noise which disturbed the man in the corner, and when he opened his eyes and saw us in the room he said, "I'm sorry, I didn't know you wos 'ere, but I'm fair wore out. I wos trampin' abaht all day yesterday looking fer a job, an' I've bin awake all night with Flossie 'ere."

A Privileged Plunder

by A. G. GARDINER

TO rob the poor is surely the worst crime possible, yet assurance companies are doing it every day. Seven million policies lapse in a single year and every penny paid is confiscated! Any Government that allows this must be held equally guilty

IT is a year since I wrote in these columns a series of articles on what I regarded then, and still regard, as the most flagrant blot upon the industrial life of this country. I refer to the exploitation of the poorest, most helpless and often most deserving part of the community by the industrial assurance companies.

In the meantime a flood of light has been poured upon this vast social evil week by week through the action of JOHN BULL in taking up the cause.

I have this week spent a couple of hours in surveying the harvest of results, and at the end I am left wondering why this organised plunder of the poor is permitted, why the Government and all the political Parties turn a blind eye to so flaming a wrong, and why the Press is silent.

It is not necessary to enter in any detail here into the nature of the revelations of the working of the industrial assurance system. The evidence of the past year has been before my readers week by week. Thousands of cases have been investigated, and thousands of pounds have been recovered for the poor victims of the companies.

The one thing dreaded

The remarkable fact that emerges from this year's campaign is that the companies when they find themselves confronted with real opposition always surrender. While the victim stands alone he gets no redress. His claims are ignored, or he is fobbed off with some trifling fraction of his due.

But when the unfortunate man or woman passes his claim over to stronger hands, one result immediately and almost invariably follows—the company pays. There is only one thing it dreads, publicity, and when it knows that publicity will follow refusal it surrenders out of hand.

That is good as far as it goes. It is good as showing the state of fear in which the companies exist. They have had experience of going into the courts, and they will not repeat it at any cost.

For if they go into the courts even the newspapers can no longer shield them, and public exposure, as I have said, is the one thing that fills them with panic.

Sheep before the shearers

But great in mass as the achievements of this year have been, they only touch the fringe of the infamy. For every victim who has had some measure of justice done him there are hundreds, even thousands, who are still denied what is morally and legally their right.

For this is not a matter of thousands or tens of thousands of pounds. It is a matter of millions and tens of millions. How vast the sum is may be estimated by the fact that in a single year 7,000,000 policies are lapsed, every penny of the premiums on which go to swell the incredible profits which they make.

Last year it is probable that the number of lapsed policies was not less than 9,000,000, owing to the coal strike. Thus we see that out of the very misfortunes of the people these colossal profiteers reap a heavier harvest.

It is true that in most of these cases the assured has no legal claim. We have allowed a system to grow up which makes the poor assurer as helpless as sheep before the shearer. The well-to-do man who assures with a reputable company is secured at every turn. The poor are bled white.

They pay out of their poverty their shilling or two shillings a week to the collector to protect themselves against the vicissitudes of life. They pay for years and years. Then comes a calamity, a coal strike, a depression in trade, unemployment.

They cannot keep up their payments. Their policies lapse and all their savings have gone to swell the fortunes of the people who manipulate this machine for grinding the faces of the poor.

The magnitude of the plunder may be estimated from the fact that there are 8,000,000 households paying on the average 2s. 9d. a week in industrial insurance premiums, and that of every 2s. 9d. paid only 10d. is returned to the insured.

But apart from the brigandage which the law

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

allows, there is the even worse brigandage which goes on in defiance of the law. The emergency Act passed at the beginning of the war to prevent the policies of soldiers from lapsing in their absence gives a legal claim on the companies to hundreds of thousands of people whose rights are still unrecognised and unsatisfied because the people are too poor or too ignorant to assert their claim and because the companies are not compelled to disgorge on their own initiative.

A task for the nation

Millions of money belonging to the poor remain, on this account alone, in the companies' hands.

My purpose now is to reiterate the point I made a year ago. Great as the work done by JOHN BULL since then has been, it is only important as blazing the path through this jungle. The task itself cannot be accomplished by any newspaper. It is a task for the nation.

The state of industrial assurance in this country is an open, naked, colossal scandal. I do not deny, and never have denied, that the companies perform useful service.

The point of my criticism is that the price of the service is shamefully high, that the dice are loaded heavily against the insured, that the proportion of the premiums paid which finds its way back to the pockets of the poor is scandalously inadequate, that the profits of the companies are a crime, that the whole system of lapsed policies is barefaced plunder and that the total result of industrial assurance is to impoverish the poor.

The only remedy

I return to the question why this great matter is so disregarded by Parliament and so ignored by the Press. I can find no explanation except the fact that these companies have grown to so enormous a vested interest that both Parliament and the Press fear to antagonise them. Even the Labour Party seems under the grip of this great interest.

Nothing else can explain its indifference to a matter affecting the life and well-being of the poorest and most thrifty of our working people.

The remedy is plain. The insurance of the people is a national task, and must cease to be a profiteering business, engaged in plundering the poor to make a few rich. But before this goal is reached there must be a thorough investigation of the facts.

Let us insist on the setting up of a Royal Commission to investigate the truth about industrial assurance. When that truth is once exposed public opinion will no longer tolerate the existence of companies organised for the plunder of the thrifty.

Providence Alley

In Sunshine Alley.

by PHILIP INMAN

Whilst my friend attended to that girl I talked with her father. "She's a saint, a reg'lar bloomin' saint," he told me. "I ain't done nuthin' cept a casual job or two fer the past two years. She's bin at work all day—and then she's come 'ome and looked after the kids. She's bin a proper mother to 'em ever since I lorst my ole woman. She was a real good'un, she was, Gawd bless 'er, and my gal takes after 'er."

HE looked tenderly in the direction of his daughter, and his eyes were moist as he turned away. "How long has she been bad?" I asked him. "She started with a corf—I should say abaht a month ago. Then she came 'ome wet through, and that's 'ow she got this 'ere bronchitis."

"Bronchitis," I said, but I had seen the hectic flush on her face and I guessed that bronchitis was simply the prelude to consumption.

As we left that place we were almost surrounded by those who wanted to know how the girl was faring. "She's a rare 'un, she is," said one; "With a 'eart of gold," added another; whilst a timid little woman told me that she had looked after all her bairns, "six of 'em," whilst she had been in the "'orspital."

My friend corroborated all that these people had said. "Her smile was infectious," he told me, "and everybody and everything loved her. You see these flower-boxes," he went on, pointing to the window sills, "that is all her work.

"She has transformed this place and she's made them all gardeners. There is a keen rivalry as to who can grow the finest blooms. Ah me," and there was a catch in his voice, "she's not likely to see another summer."

The Saturday following I had a telephone message from my friend. "I'm going to take Flossie for a drive in my car," he announced. "Can you join us?" "She's better, then," I ventured. "No, worse," he replied, "but she wants to breathe some fresh air."

Slowly we drove through Hyde Park whilst this girl ravenously inhaled the cool, refreshing breeze. "It's beautiful, beautiful," she whispered, and the expression of delight in her eyes was a reward which all the gold of Ophir could not buy. "I'm so happy," she told me later. "Dad's got a job as night-watchman, and I'm going back to work on Monday."

But before Monday dawned that girl with the sunny smile had been transported to that land where the air is always fresh and fragrant.

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Q 65

EIGHT-SHILLING GIRLS

A DISQUIETING FACTORY

The Blacklead Squad

A HOST of workers and of those who have the interests of the workers at heart have learned with something akin to despair that the Government has decided to shelve the long-promised Factories Bill, so shamelessly breaking one more election pledge.

The urgency of the Bill is not disputed save by the most practised apostles of reaction. The conditions under which many people still work at the bench in sewing-room, factory and workshop are, in an alarming number of cases, frankly disquieting,

It is not surprising: In the last twenty-five years there has been no general Factories Bill. That is the most disquieting feature of the present betrayal.

A dead letter

In that period the conditions of industry have changed to such an extent as to render the existing legislation the next thing to a dead letter.

One of the provisions, for example, to ensure the health and safety of factory-workers was the appointment of inspectors. At the moment there are some two hundred of these, each of whom must supervise on the average nearly fourteen hundred factories, an altogether preposterous state of affairs.

We don't like the multiplication of Government officials, but still less do we like the multiplication of wrongs on the lowest paid and most defenceless section of the industrial community.

In spite of all this, we have this sort of thing seriously printed in the *Daily Mail*: "The public will learn with a sigh of relief that the Factories Bill is dead for the present section. . . . For British industry its abandonment means the disappearance of a danger and a threat."

An ever-present dread

May be. For the workers in British industry its abandonment means a continuation of distress, poverty, hardship and ill-health.

Take the case of Nicholson's (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Ltd., a concern which produces products such as grate-polish, boot-polish, a varnish and blacklead.

We ourselves have made very careful enquiries into the conditions of work there and found that young girls were being employed for a very low wage under conditions that, in our opinion, are open to serious criticism.

At a railway siding female workers load and unload heavy cases and casks. In other parts of the factory mere children are working at rates of pay and under factory conditions which form a cogent argument for the immediate reversal of the Government's decision to postpone the Act.

There is no whip of the taskmaster there, but the dread of unemployment and consequent starvation is hardly less potent a terror.

Let us take our readers into what is known at Nicholson's as the "blacklead cell." Here young girls work in an atmosphere loaded with graphite powder and carbon black.

The conditions in this cell resemble those in which a collier has to work.

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., a foremost advocate of better conditions for factory workers

At the end of the day they look more like negresses than white children.

The girls normally work from 7.30 a.m. until 5.30 p.m., and sometimes until three or four o'clock on Saturdays. Youngsters are taken on at 8s. a week, with a small rise later if they stick it, plus bonus.

This bonus is a mysterious sum, varying from a few pence to half-a-crown per week. It is not often that it reaches the latter figure.

To qualify for it a girl must work at least forty-eight hours per week, but in addition her output must "satisfy the employer." What is the basic rate of "satisfaction"? Nobody appears to know!

What the girls calculate they ought to receive on payment and what they actually take home are two entirely different things, and girls have been known to receive at the end of more than a fifty-hour week a bonus of tenpence!

Within the law

What is the reason for this discrepancy between calculation and reality? Nobody appears to know!

Older women working at this particular place are paid better wages, but it must not be forgotten that the juniors are not employed as apprentices, learning a trade.

In this case no regulations are broken, the existing Factory Acts administered by the Home Office not being concerned with wages so much as with the conditions of work. Technically, Nicholson's are committing no breach of the Acts.

They cannot commit a breach of Acts that have no powers to cover the things we are criticising. Our point is that such conditions as we have described should be made impossible.

A limited power

Employment exchanges are not concerned with young girls leaving school, and while local education authorities are interested in placing them in employment, their power is limited.

They do not as a rule send girls to employers whose conditions of work are open to criticism, but they have no authority or means for preventing such employers from engaging girls through advertisements.

The trade boards are the only point of contact which the Government has established to deal with employers who pay wages below a certain meagre standard, but at the works we have described, with the exception of boot and floor polish, most of the products do not come within the power of the trade boards.

Thus while girls working on boot polish are getting a basic wage of 12s. a week, they are not always working on boot-polish and when changed to some other job may have to accept a lower wage.

The broken pledge

The wages we have quoted are bad, but if the girls refuse to accept them and leave of their own accord, they get nothing at all.

And this is no isolated case. There is hardly a street in the East End of London or in the industrial towns of the Midlands and North where there are not factories being conducted on the same basis and where the plight of the workers would not move the heart even of a hard-faced leader-writer on the *Daily Mail* were he to take the trouble to investigate them.

The abandonment of the Factories Bill means the "disappearance of a danger and a threat," forsooth! We say, rather, that it is the abandonment that is a danger to human happiness and a threat to the nation.

We had always thought that Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet were of our way of thinking. We have spoken of the Factories Bill as a pledge. We have the authority of Sir William Joynson-Hicks that he considered it to be a pledge.

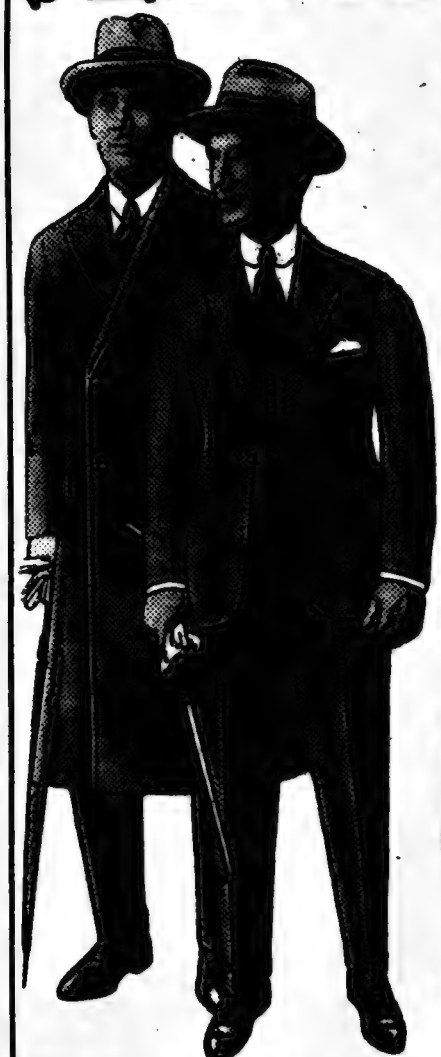
In March last he told the House of Commons that the Bill would be one of the principal Government measures for 1927. His words were, "We will do our utmost and ask the House to pass it into law. That is a categorical statement which I have been authorised to make."

And now we learn that the Bill is "a danger and a threat."

Saints and Sinners of Hollywood

Don't miss the sensational series now running every Sunday in "THE PEOPLE."

WHY THE BARRY SERVICE WINS



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Bronchitis & Asthma

By B W. HAIR, M.D.

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The Highest Mortality of Any Disease.

..... *Registrar-General's Report* 1926.

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DON'T let Bronchitis or Asthma wear down your vitality. You can quickly recover and avoid repeated attacks by taking Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure, the unfailing liquid cure. Dr. Hair's treatment is so unique in its efficacy that the etiquette of the medical profession entirely fails to restrain doctors' spontaneous outbursts of personal testimony.

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74, Camp Hill, Birmingham.
February 1st, 1927.

I am extremely grateful for the Booklet you sent me a few weeks ago. It has been most helpful and interesting. I commenced Dr. Hair's Treatment on January 1st, and have had four bottles of medicine. With the first bottle I began to feel my health and energy returning, and could sleep all night from the first. For years I have been tortured with Asthma, and may say that nothing has ever before cured my cough. I cannot speak too highly of it, and shall be only too pleased to help every sufferer to know about Dr. Hair's wonderful cure.

(Signed) Miss E. HOLLIS.

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Feel it tingle on the tongue
Its warm sweetness
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Drink it . . .
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Warms and cheers
The very cockles of your
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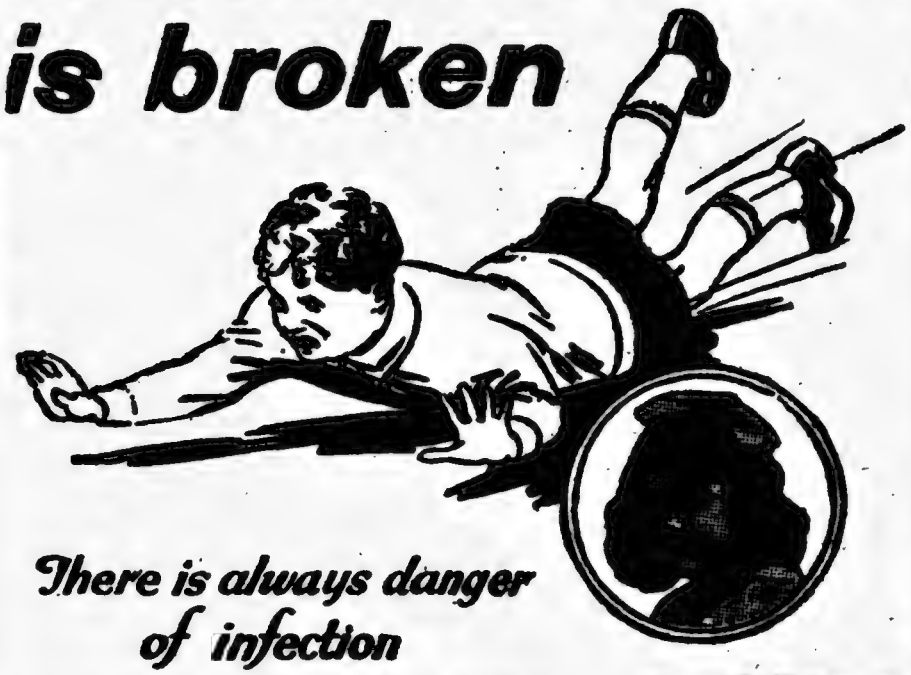
When the Skin is broken



There is always danger of infection

SUCH an accident as this is always a danger, and it is essential that you should have a real safeguard at hand—a dressing which will protect your child from all danger of festering inflammation and poisoning.

Germolene should be in every home for use in case of accident. It soothes at once, healing commences immediately and all danger of septic complications is averted.

Mrs. J. B. Walton, of 11, Simpson Terrace, Walbottle, Newburn-on-Tyne, writes: "My little daughter, Joyce, aged 6, fell and cut her knee severely. The cut was quite an inch long, and was covered with dirt. I dressed it with Germolene after cleaning, and it healed in a fortnight, without a sign of inflammation."

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Phone: Chancery 7828.

BABY'S LOAD OF TROUBLE

by MAJOR HARDING COX, LL.B.

WE pride ourselves on being anxious to do everything possible for our children—to give them a fair start in life. Yet there are many who are branded from their birth and are handicapped severely all their lives

THERE remain upon our legislative code many archaic anomalies which should have been long since expunged. This is particularly the case where domestic, matrimonial and other subjects relating to sex are concerned.

Instances of this strange apathy in dealing with such matters so as to bring them into line with modern thought and toleration may be quoted as regards:

(1) The long-needed and insistently demanded reform of the existing divorce laws, especially as regards the separation clauses;

(2) The preposterous "prohibited degrees of matrimony schedule," which allows a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, but which bars his union with his deceased wife's sister's daughter—that is, his niece by marriage—whereas the marriage of first cousins, which, in many instances, is followed by disastrous physical and mental results where offspring is concerned, is permitted and even encouraged;

(3) The latest, most illogical and most cynically bigoted item to be placed upon the Statute Book is the "Illegitimacy Act," which no longer can be regarded as "The Children's Charter," a proud title which it originally held.

Justice long overdue

When the original Bill was presented, it was a private member's measure, but was, apparently, acclaimed by all parties as being a long overdue act of justice to innocent children born out of wedlock, no matter of what moral obliquities their parents had been guilty.

No opposition was offered in the House of Commons; but when the Bill reached the Lords a virulent attack was launched from the Episcopal group, supported by certain die-hard Churchmen.

The Bishops and their allies put forward an amendment which utterly destroyed the whole spirit and intention of the proposed Act.

This amendment recited that only those children whose parents were able to marry at the time of such children's birth were to benefit by the Act, and those, one of whose parents, or both, were married to a third party when their illegitimate offspring was produced, were to be debarred from any such benefit!

As regards the former proviso, the plain man or woman naturally asks, "If the parents were able to marry at the time of their 'misconduct' or following the birth of the child, why did they not do so?"

On the other hand, where one or both of the parents, being separated from their lawful spouses, through force of circumstances, such as the incarceration of the other in a madhouse, or serving a long term of penal servitude, was therefore unable to marry, surely the child or children

Major Harding Cox, LL.B.

of an irregular but orderly union subsequently entered upon should automatically become legitimate if and when, the legal wife or husband dying, the child's parents are able to marry!

It seems incredible that this differentiation should have been accepted, but so it was!

The Lower House was apparently swayed by the far-fetched argument that if a man, separated from his wife, and living with a mistress by whom he had issue, had it in his power to legitimatise the child or children resulting from such a union by murdering his wife and marrying the said mistress, he might be tempted to do so!

At this juncture the Government took up the Bill, and incorporated it in the schedule prepared for the King's Speech at the ensuing opening of Parliament. After a long delay it was brought forward at the very end of the late autumn session.

A preposterous plea

Those who were responsible for the new amendment which proposed the elimination of the preposterous one inserted by the Lords did their utmost to win through; but the Government (represented by Captain Hacking) weakened, and put forward the strange plea that, if the Lord's amendment were deleted, the Upper House would probably wreck the whole Bill, and that as "half a loaf is better than no bread," Government supporters and others would do well to accept the Lords' amendment and await an opportunity for passing "an Illegitimacy Amendment Act," which would delete the original amendment, and which could be forced upon the Upper House by means of the "three rejections" rule.

And so this feeble and iniquitous piece of fresh legislation has been placed upon the Statute Book.

Some harsh cases

By way of illustrating the injustice and the illogical aspect of the Act as it stands, the following cases, which are founded on fact, may serve. The names are, of course, fictitious.

Mrs. Gorbun, a woman of a highly neurotic temperament, has no love for her husband, but tries to annoy and embarrass him at every opportunity. Mr. Gorbun employs a young gentlewoman as secretary on whom he places great reliance.

The wife—a "dope fiend"—becomes mentally unbalanced, and, to spite her husband, poisons his amanuensis. Mrs. Gorbun is convicted, but pronounced insane and sent to Broadmoor.

The grass widower, being a normal man, forms an irregular, but restrained, domestic union. From this there is issue. In course of time the legal wife dies at Broadmoor, and the widower marries his mistress.

One would imagine that the offspring of such a union would be the very ones to benefit by the cynically named "Children's Charter"; but not a bit of it! Their parents could not have married at the time of each child's birth, because one of them was married (save the mark!) to a third party, a criminal lunatic.

Now, let us examine a case where a child is automatically rendered legitimate under the provisions of the new Act by the marriage of its mother with a man who may, or may not, have been responsible for its birth.

Gross anomalies

Jessie Bucklow was a village lass of a flighty nature. Nature and Fate overtook her at last and she bore a child, the paternity of which was extremely doubtful.

But the good vicar, aided and abetted by the local vigilance committee, picked upon a mild and youthful swain who had shown some partiality for the fair but frail Jessie's company. They brought pressure upon the boy to marry her, in order that the child might claim legitimacy through the said Act.

And yet the probability is that he was in no way responsible for the girl's position, since it was an open secret that she had been carrying on an intrigue with a man who could not have married her since he was himself already married at the time of the child's birth.

Similar cases could be amplified, far and wide, and with many striking variations; but the two which I have cited may, I hope, serve to call attention to the gross anomalies for which the Illegitimacy Act, as it stands, is responsible.

Oh-the pity! Oh the cruelty of it!

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Get a copy of this week's "Passing Show"—Twopence. It is the best in black and white for the blues.

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Cancer of the Mouth caused by Bad Teeth

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Cancer of the mouth, kidney trouble, nervous breakdown, melancholia, heart disease, can all be found to have their origin in decayed teeth. Even life itself can be endangered by the poisons taken into the blood from bad teeth. If you think this is an overstatement, ask your doctor or your dentist.

Trouble and pain can be avoided by taking proper care of your teeth. Brush them with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream night and morning. Colgate's removes causes of tooth decay. Colgate's keeps your teeth clean, white and perfect. There are no harsh drugs or gritty substances in Colgate's. It cleans teeth the right way.

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EASY MONEY MERCHANTS

by MAJOR A. LIVINGSTONE OKE, A.R.S.M., A.R.C.Sc., A.I.M.M.

IT is not surprising that the workers are discontented with their lot. Luxury and wealth are flaunted in their faces, while they are forced to work for a bare subsistence. When any sacrifice is needed, those who have least are called on to pay most

THERE are far too many people spending "easy money" or lying snug in "easy jobs." They are the "best people," our "governing class," our "betters" and our "masters," call them what you like, but they hold what they have for the same reason that their far-off ancestors, back in the dim forests of millions of years ago, sat on all the best branches and got all the best food!

That reason in the far-off days was force, just brute force, and the power of money is that same force to-day, but in a different form. There is no wealth without work, and wages are but the link that connects them. A ton of gold, 10 ft. underground, is not wealth until human effort brings it to the surface.

Major A. Livingstone Oke

England's boasted "stately homes" would represent no more wealth than a crumbling ruin if there were no hands to do the work to keep them in repair.

The human beings that do this work are but links in the machine that their muscles keep going, the "raw material" of capital, "cogs" in the wheels of "industry." But, like cogs in real wheels, if they are not lubricated they squeal, and labour is now at the squealing stage.

The workers' luck?

Nor can one wonder! The civilisation around us here in England to-day is a mass of anachronisms. Wealth, with its power and its effrontery, is flaunted in the face of the most appalling poverty.

On the one hand, no care nor effort is spared to pander to the lucky few, while toiling millions must scramble through life as best they can. The best of everything—in food, in homes, in service, in education, in every kind of luxury, in every kind of pleasure for the body or the mind—is for the possessors of wealth.

On the other hand, the workers, the creators and the mainstay of this wealth, must be content, if they are lucky, with a "living wage" or the "dole," the bare minimum of subsistence, poor food, poor homes, long hours of steady toil, to "rough it" in all the hundred ways that seem so natural to the "poor."

The miner, toiling in the sweat and heat and grime of a coal mine, must risk his life each day for a "living wage" that a so-called "economic law" has cut to the very minimum that human endurance can accept.

Bureaucrats and barnacles

But it is never suggested that the "standard of living" of a single "coal owner" should be lowered! Oh, dear no! Economic laws do not apply in that case!

Whitehall is a teeming hive of "easy money merchants" from ten o'clock to four o'clock five days a week, and stern-faced "brass-hats in mufti" draw large salaries, in ever-increasing numbers, for looking wise!

England is fast becoming a land of bureaucrats and officials, a vast army like vampires on the back of the real wealth-producing members of the community.

Is it any wonder that the working man is getting restless? Do you wonder that the pale-faced dweller in a London slum, hard at work on some palace of commerce in Regent Street, or on some palatial block of flats in Piccadilly, watches resentfully these beautifully clad and cared-for spenders of wealth go by, tanned by the suns of the Lido, back from wonderful motor tours abroad, sauntering along the pavements, *en route* for club or restaurant, to spend more money in a few minutes than the worker can earn in a week?

The general strike caused the comfortable classes to turn out in their thousands and for a little while they actually did some manual work! And, how proud they were about it! Peers trundling railway trucks; baronets as railway porters, Army officers as engine-drivers! How wonderful they were!

Slogans and slogging

But the coal "lock-out" dragged its devastating length for months without one single suggestion that any of these splendid volunteers should work as coal-miners!

It is the mine-owners whose standard of living wants reducing, whilst in the meantime the industry their money controls gets down to the "economic facts" of improved methods and scientific reorganisation that might be applied to it.

There is too much "father to son" control in coal-mining as in every other industry and business in the country. How many coal-owners have ever worked as coal miners?

Who can blame the workers for squealing when they see how hopeless is their chance of getting anything out of industry, but the hard knocks that a "free" labour-market provides them.

All the rewards are for those who already have everything—short hours, nice homes, money to burn, easy jobs and easy money.

What the coal-mining industry as well as most other industries in the country needs is more applied human psychology and the development of the team spirit. Less of slogans and more "slogging" on the part of both masters and men; more "sacrifice" on the part of those who have so much to lose: not appeals for more work, but the example of hard work.

Let the leaders on both sides mix their leading with brains and not bolster it up with rhetoric. Let them take their coats off for work and not for talk or ball-slogging.

The Sentence of the Court

FROTH AND WRATH

A Blast for Blasters

"WHY is this space left blank?" asked Mr. Justice Bull, holding up the charge-sheet and pointing to the entry "—— Reynolds, of Eastbourne," opposite a charge of "Insulting language."

"I regret that the Court should have drawn a blank in more senses than one," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "but despite the absence of initials, there is no doubt that the right person is in the dock. There may be other Eastbourne residents surnamed 'Reynolds', but, fortunately for Eastbourne, this particular Reynolds is unique.

"The charge arises out of words uttered by the accused as a magistrate, in which capacity he heard an application for an extension of a liquor licence for a function of the Royal Vat Lodge of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers.

"In refusing the application, the accused took it upon himself to snort that 'it was almost criminal for a new society like the Froth Blowers' to ask for an extension, and to add a further gratuitously insulting remark about 'Blowing froth off their wretched pots.'

"The accused was apparently under the impression that the A.O.F.B. comprises a few unimportant members of the 'lower orders,' their lowly origin being indicated by their presumed passion for plebeian beer; but, unfortunately for him, his contemptuous remarks were directed against 200,000 charitably disposed citizens in all walks of life, and in arousing the indignation of an army of Tornadoes, Cyclones and Grand Hurricanes he has brought a very pretty storm about his undistinguished head."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the character of the A.O.F.B. was indicated by one of its rules requiring members to "gollop their beer with zest." Charity could be made to cover a multitude of sins, but he (counsel) hoped it had not yet become the last refuge of the beer bibber.

* * *

"Where ignorance is bluster it is folly to attempt to make an ignoramus wise," said Mr. Justice Bull; "but for the benefit of the Rip Van Winkle in the dock, who is obviously fearful of Eastbourne becoming known as Yeastbourne, I may mention that the A.O.F.B. came into existence two and a half years ago, is adding to its membership at the rate of 2,000 a day, and by means of fees and fines has collected £16,000 for East End charities.

"Obviously, the more Froth Blowers are together the merrier it will be for East End waifs and strays, and it ill becomes a bilious critic who, instead of blowing froth off 'wretched pots' or chaste ginger-beer glasses, merely froths at the mouth, to further his 'dry' opinions at the risk of drying up the wells of charity.

"The prisoner has done his worst (fortunately, it does not amount to much) to blast this admirable organisation, but this does not entitle him to the honourable rank of Blaster.

"I feel I must invent a new degree, that of Grand Cyclonic Depression, for Mr. Blank Reynolds, and direct that he sing the Froth-Blowers' Anthem twice daily for a week on the Marine Promenade. I must, however, warn other irresponsible nonentities that any attempt to follow in the prisoner's Pussyfootsteps will meet with much more severe punishment."

IN THE HYGIENE COURT OF JUSTICE

HUSBAND CHARGED WITH LOSS OF APPETITE

(Before Mr. Justice Kruschen)

Prosecuting Counsel: The law does not allow me to call this man's wife as a witness against him—

Judge: But she could have been called by the defence. Why wasn't she?

Prosecuting Counsel: Ah! Why indeed, my lord! But I think we can imagine for ourselves what a pitiful story the poor woman must have unfolded. We can picture her disappointment when she found this man taking no interest in the meals she had so carefully cooked for him with her *own* hands. We can picture him returning home day after day, depressed and melancholy, incapable of enjoying life himself and killing all enjoyment around him. We can . . .

Judge: Enough! We have ample evidence that this man has been guilty of criminally neglecting his health—an offence which amounts to partial suicide. His loss of appetite clearly results from internal sluggishness, a crime we are determined to stamp out (Here a woman, presumed to be the prisoner's wife, was heard to cry out: "Oh, sir! Give him another chance!")

Judge: Prisoner, everyone in this court gets another chance, and serious as your crime is you may return to your home.

Prisoner: Oh, thank you, my lord!

Judge: The sentence I shall pronounce will reform you completely, but it will not be a punishment. I order you to take "the little daily dose" of Kruschen every day from to-morrow onwards. Do that and you will be a reformed man. Never again shall anyone be able to accuse you of having no appetite.

Prisoner: I promise to do that, *my* lord. I wish I had realised the need for Kruschen Salts a year ago.

(The judge then remarked that half the illness and disease in this world—rheumatism, gout, complaints of the liver and kidneys, colds and influenza, headaches, could all be traced back to constipation and would be stamped out if people only realised the need for Kruschen. Kruschen Salts in these artificial, civilised times were as necessary to internal cleanliness as soap and water to external cleanliness.)

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DRAGES

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Manager	Middlesex	£39 : 15 : 6	£4	20/-	43043
Engineer	London	£41 : 9 : 0	£4	20/-	43047
Clerk	Sussex	£46 : 2 : 6	£4	25/-	43045
Independent	London	£12 : 10 : 0	10/-	10/-	43049
Storeman	Berks	£26 : 10 : 0	£3	15/-	43052
Secretary	Lincolnshire	£93 : 19 : 0	£10	42/-	43055
Private Means	London	£33 : 0 : 0	£3	20/-	43057
Valet	Kent	£134 : 17 : 6	£15	£3	43058
Engineer	Surrey	£49 : 15 : 0	£5	32/-	43059
Clerk P.O.	Middlesex	£68 : 11 : 6	£6	35/-	43061
Policeman	Sussex	£30 : 0 : 0	£2	20/-	43074
Messenger	Hants	£21 : 10 : 0	£2	20/-	43040
Attendant	Essex	£32 : 10 : 0	£3	£1	43027
Clerk	Herts	£79 : 12 : 0	£7	38/-	43028
Own business	Bedfordshire	£49 : 10 : 0	£5	25/-	43030

✱ ***Consult this chart—one of these transactions may be just what you are thinking about for yourself***

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Use this harmless powder, this powder which prevents roughness and wrinkles, this powder which suits all skins and all complexions. POUDRE TOKALON, though better, costs but a shilling a box. Or in fashionable Compacts of dainty gilt, with the secure "Spring-Button" catch that opens at a touch, complete with mirror and puff, at 1/6. To-day—safeguard and beautify your skin—get Poudre Tokalon.

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STOMACH.—Sea-Vitoid tablets are slightly laxative and will correct irregularities of the bowel such as temporary constipation, bringing the functions to complete normalcy after a short treatment. The treatment is also effective in removing the cause of diarrhœa, cramp, colic, etc., giving a soothing feeling to the disturbed organs.

NERVES.—In the milder cases, such as Neurasthenia, Neuritis, Hysteria, Forgetfulness, lack of concentration, shyness, etc., the treatment has a decidedly soothing and quieting effect, especially in cases of sleeplessness. Two tablets taken with water three times a day with meals should give beneficial results.

BLOOD.—Sea-Vitoid tablets are quickly absorbed into the blood with clarifying effect through the pancreas, liver and kidneys, the result being a decided improvement throughout the entire system.

TONIC.—Whenever you feel that you need a quick action tonic pick-me-up swallow 2 Sea-Vitoids with water or milk and the beneficial result will be manifest in a few minutes. For a continuous tonic treatment 2 tablets with every meal will show improvement in the general health day by day.

DOSES.—Take 2 tablets with plenty of water or milk, and relief will be obtained in a few minutes in cases of headache, toothache, earache, stomach-ache, cramps, indigestion, acidity, gastric disturbance, menstrual pains, neuralgia or pains of any description. Repeat one tablet every hour if necessary until pain has entirely disappeared.

Two tablets before breakfast and one tablet every hour thereafter if necessary will dispel all liverish conditions, such as lumbago, sleeplessness, lassitude, biliousness, giddiness, depression, tired feeling, drowsiness, brain-fag, lack of ambition, general heaviness, inclination to vomit, and all temporary disorders of the liver, kidneys, pancreas and intestinal tracts.

Two tablets taken every three hours will relieve colds, fever and influenza, reducing the temperature, sneezing and coughing, and dispel other unpleasant symptoms.

Sea Vitoid tablets produce in a few minutes a brisk, snappy feeling of exhilaration and energy and as a tonic pick-me-up they have no equal.

OUR GUARANTEE

We cannot, nor have we any desire to assume that the seaweed treatment will cure in every case, but we are sure that in a very large percentage of cases there will be a marked improvement in the general health. All we ask of you is to obtain a 1/3 packet of Sea-Vitoids from your chemist, or by post, take the entire contents as directed, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the beneficial results, post us the wrapper and we will immediately refund your money and ask no questions!

From all Chemists, or by post, 1/3 per packet.

1/3 per packet.

Health from Seaweed!

1/3 Per Packet.

Sweat Out "FLU" To-night!

Sea-Vitoid Tablets

will abate the sneezing, coughing, nose-running temperature and unpleasant symptoms in a few hours. Sea-Vitoid Tablets produce copious perspiration during the night, causing decided improvement by morning.

OUR GUARANTEE

Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your chemist. Take contents as directed. If improvement in health is not completely satisfactory post us the cardboard wrapper and we will immediately refund your money and ask no questions!

DO IT NOW!

Extract from "Daily Express," October 4th, 1926.

Sea-Breeze in an Oyster.

IODINE IN EVERY SWALLOW.

LIFE-LENGTHENER.

"Swallow an oyster and get that sea-breeze feeling," will probably be the new slogan of Whitstable and Colchester.

Scientists have discovered that oysters contain so much iodine that they probably rank with Vitamin A as the two great life-lengtheners among foods.

There is 200 per cent. more iodine in oysters than in milk, meat or eggs.

The true, the valiant oyster-swallowers declare that Napoleon fought his best battles on a "daily dozen." He said they made him feel fit. The modern scientist says the same.

VITALISER.

Iodine is one of the greatest of all vitalisers.

"One goes to the sea for iodine and to seaweed," said a doctor in discussing the discovery with a "Daily Express" representative last night. "It seems probable that one would also find iodine in a sea animal, such as the oyster."

Medical men, however, have not hitherto shared, in their official capacity, the enthusiasm of Napoleon and other oyster lovers.

Digestibility has been admitted, but not much more in the way of virtue. Doctors have generally prescribed oysters for convalescents, with their finicky appetites.

People who imagine that they feel braced after their daily dozen will now know that the sanction of science follows each slippery swallow.

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Send postcard for free treatise on the various ailments which respond to seaweed treatment. Also Booklet, "Seaweed and its Story," by Dr. W. J. Melhuish, D.Sc., Ph.D.

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Words Winged to Women

HAVE YOU A PURSE?

by **MABEL HORNER**

INSTEAD of a land fit for heroes, many of our ex-Service men are finding a "generation whose teeth are as swords and whose jaw teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men"

ONE winter, a few months before the war, I had an amusing correspondence with a man. He was young, very. He took strong exception to certain simple, old-fashioned statements of mine made in public. I held that love, just love, intelligently applied, could solve all our social problems.

He deemed that bunkum. He said that every bit of relief given, every helping hand extended, hindered the coming of a race of supermen with brains to demand and get justice in a reconstructed world. Poor, cocksure boy! We have had the war since then.

I still devote, as I did before, every energy of voice and pen to the call for justice, but I still believe in the helping hand and old-fashioned grace of charity.

In heart-break house

I now have the support of a passionately inspired preacher, the Rev. John Bevan, whose voice, coming through the ether the other night, told listening millions that cleverness without goodness is getting us nowhere. It is not. Cleverness made the war and cleverness designed the machinery that led to its awful conclusion.

But it is only goodness that can rebuild the shattered places and make the world a really safe and happy place to live in.

I think we are moving towards that better day. We know that men who came home, shaken, maimed and ruined, have a right to decent homes and the means of plain and honest living. We know that little children should not cry for bread.

We shrink from the thought of women, with their ingrained love of decency, going in dreadful rags and being compelled to bring their little ones to birth in vermin-ridden, overcrowded rooms.

But the wheels of justice move slowly, and there are mourning and tears where God knows there should only be clean peace and harmony.

And that is why to-day I am making a straight, direct appeal to any who have purses that can open, to help the JOHN BULL "Greatest of These——" War Sufferers' charity.

To all of you who send, oh! so willingly and gratefully, your pence, JOHN BULL, I know, is overwhelmingly grateful.

But there are readers who can help with pounds that would not lower their resources as much as some others sacrifice when they send sixpence. And every penny so received goes straight to the help of some crying and desperate need, without one farthing being deducted for expenses.

The Rev. John Bevan

And yet, morning after morning, many sit in heart-break house, because the fund will not stretch far enough. It cannot give bread to all the little mouths that cry. Women, white-faced and anguished, appeal in vain. Clergymen, police officials, Army officers, who send testimonies as to the sterling character and sheer need of applicants, must be put off, as the resources of the fund reach their limit.

It is because I regard the work JOHN BULL does with this fund as a piece of the most practical Christianity, I know that I have asked to be allowed to devote my space this week to a plea on its behalf.

"I think my baby would be bonny," pleads a dear mother, "but he cannot have proper nourishment . . . we are down . . . right in the mire, as everything pawnable has gone for food." And baby's dad served the country in Russia, Turkey and France!

"I have six children and one is a cripple . . . I find it hard to get work because I was gassed twice . . ." "I have no pension, and my wife expecting to go to bed any day. . . ."

So the story runs on in its awful monotony of sheer, hopeless human misery.

A tragic letter

I end with a typical case. The writer is an ex-Serviceman whose colonel testifies to his high character. He has a pension of 8s. a week and his rent is 10s.

"I am reduced to one shirt which is now in such threads that my wife dare not wash it again. When I go to a prospective employer, he gives one look at my appearance and will not entertain my application for a moment. My wife is in worse plight. She is devoid of any underclothing and has managed for the last month with a thin blouse pinned together with an old petticoat . . . I wish that God would take me out of it. . . ."

This letter and hundreds like it are my excuse for making a direct plea for greater support of JOHN BULL'S "The Greatest of These——" Fund. A timely bit of help will tide many a woman over her darkest hour and start many a willing man on the road to decent work.

It would be terrible to have to refuse Need it be? The comfortable and the well-to-do, whom I know in many thousands read JOHN BULL, must decide.

The Tar on the Lily

by **VERA BERINGER**

THE principles underlying Lady Astor's Public Morals Bill, read before the House of Commons last year, and which made its appearance recently in the House of Lords, sponsored by Lord Balfour, cannot fail to open up the way to a very grave moral danger.

Lady Astor doubtless thinks her Bill will remedy one of our greatest social evils. I take the contrary view.

It makes null and void all existing laws for the regulation of prostitution in public places, banishing the word "prostitute" altogether and substituting in its place "any person," while solicitation is replaced by the term "wilful annoyance."

Miss Vera Beringer

We have to ask ourselves this question: What, under Lady Astor's Bill will become of prostitutes and prostitution? If a rose by any other name will smell as sweet, a poisonous weed is no less noxious if described as something else.

The old law aimed at penalising those women who were recognised as proved to be of immoral life, and to-day the desire is, rightly, not to penalise but to assist and to raise; but that is no reason why the ordinary well-behaved woman should be put on the same legal footing, under the same suspicion as the street-walker.

IT is conceivable, in many instances, that a man may consider a woman as an annoyance, even a wilful one, without her being in any sense a menace to his moral principles.

It must be borne in mind that although there are cases where a woman has been driven on the streets through desertion, despair or the necessity of supporting her child or some other helpless and loved individual, yet such cases, as the rescue worker well knows, are rare.

In these days when feminine hands are held out, not to push an unfortunate sister back into the mire, but to help her, it is usually possible for a woman to earn a clean, decent livelihood if she wishes. The terrible fact must be taken into account that the majority of street-walkers have no desire even to make the attempt.

If a woman plies the trade of prostitution, there is no injustice to her in being described as what she is, a prostitute, and in no circumstances should her respectable fellow-woman be penalised for another's wrongdoing.

As things stand at present, from the well-behaved woman's point of view, the streets of London are safer for her to tread than those of most big cities. The girl who is "out for a lark" or "looking for trouble" (the terms are frequently synonymous) will probably find more of the latter than the former.

It is up to her own self-respect to avoid both, and no law on earth is going to help her there.

LADY Astor's Bill virtually removes from the police any power to prevent a woman from soliciting. What, then, would be the inevitable result? That prostitutes freed from all control, with no laws in existence to deal with them in public places, would flood the streets in far greater numbers than at present.

That there is a menace lurking in our streets no one can deny, but nine times out of ten it lies in wait not for our girls but for our boys, and the effect of this suggested measure would be to increase their peril a thousandfold.

Every woman with a son or sons should be made aware of what might well prove to lead to a moral disaster of vast magnitude for the youth of this country.

Big Demand for the Berkeley

LOOSE COVERS from 16/6

HOME-LOVERS have been quick to realise the wonderful value which the new price reduction gives to the famous Berkeley. Not only has the price been reduced but the quality has been tremendously improved by the use, for the first time, of FIBRE and HAIR STUFFING

This provides the most luxurious comfort and has hitherto been exclusive to the most expensive models. A new range of magnificent

DAMASKS & TAPESTRIES

is provided, giving customers a wide choice of coverings to harmonise with any scheme of decoration. The Berkeley is luxuriously upholstered with long coppered steel springs in seat, back and front edge. Best Birch frame. Supreme comfort and durability

The Berkeley EASY CHAIR Regd.

NEW CASH PRICE **78/6** (a reduction of 6/6) or £4:2:6 10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

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SHOWROOMS: 133, Victoria St., Westminster S.W.1.; The Arcade, High St., Croydon; and 16, The Parade, Watford.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Elasto Saves a Limb!

"I am more than pleased to write and say that I am completely cured after using two bottles of Elasto. My people think it a miracle as the hospital doctors had ordered amputation."

That is an extract from a letter received in connection with a severe case of ulcerated arm and leg in which amputation was considered to be the only "remedy."

Fortunately Elasto was tried, with the happy result mentioned above. The documents relating to this case have been inspected by JOHN BULL'S representative.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is a wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving general health and increasing vitality.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest and most effective treatment ever devised.

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured by Elasto treatment without pain, without rest, and at small cost.

Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it embodies Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.*

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

How Does it Cure?

This question is fully answered in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send Free and post free, together with Free Sample, copies of recent testimonials, and our guarantee.

Write for these to-day—Now! Or send 3s. for a complete month's treatment with full directions, and commence your cure without delay.—THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15/E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Anæmia and loss of strength

are conditions which readily respond to treatment with SCOTT'S Emulsion.

Rich blood, firm flesh and strong limbs are the results of a continued use of this fine body-builder.

SCOTT'S Emulsion is recommended by doctors throughout the world in cases of anæmia, wasting and physical weakness.

No strength-maker is so pure—none so sure as genuine

Scott's Emulsion

It brings health to all

EVERY CHILD NEEDS IT.

I'll teach YOU to play the Piano Beautifully!

I have taught thousands in their own homes, BY POST, to read easily at sight and play so beautifully Songs, Dances, Hymns, and Master Gems that they are welcome wherever they go! No practice-drudgery—but Original, Fascinating Training—from Ordinary Music—that makes failure impossible. Read what a few say: "*Difficulties simply fly away.*" "*You have first shown me how to make the piano sing.*" "*No music holds any terrors for me now.*" "*So fascinating I cannot leave the piano alone.*"

Send me a P.C. telling you all for my FREE Book about it, with Form for FREE advice. Your address (Mrs., Miss, or Mr.) and one word, Beginner, Elementary or Moderate. Mr. H. BECKER, 431, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Human Documents

Neither Wife Nor Widow

A Loveless Marriage—Aiding Desertion—Asking Too Much

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

"AT an early age I ran away from home with a rascal whom I married. After a few years of unhappy life with a beast without moral sense, who wished me to become another's mistress, so that he might live on the proceeds of my shame, I left him.

"I went abroad and there met a man who had known me from childhood and was fully aware of my unfortunate elopement, and we agreed to live together until I was free to marry him.

"When we returned to this country we gave it out to all our friends that we were married, and for eleven years we have been husband and wife in fact, though not in law.

"After the war we settled down on a small property which I owned, but we were unable to farm it successfully and so I sold it. My 'husband' lost what remained of his Army gratuity in a business venture which failed within a few months and he was then left without any means whatever.

"I had a small income, however, and his love and devotion to me were such that in return for his protection and acknowledgement of me before the world as his wife, I gladly placed all I had at his disposal and maintained him during the three very difficult years which followed.

"THAT he might not feel the humiliation of having to ask me for money I opened a joint account upon which he could draw, though he was never able to pay anything into it.

"Finding no prospects for him in this country we went abroad again, where he was able to set himself up in a business of which he had an intimate knowledge. All went well until my private affairs necessitated my returning to England, and then my happiness slowly faded and my life gradually became the tragedy which it is to-day.

"In one of his first letters he wrote, 'My sweetheart, to-day is the eleventh anniversary of our wedding. If I had my life to live over again the same would be my choice.' Yet within a few months there was a change in his tone and his letters grew colder and colder.

"At last his communications became so full of cynical innuendoes that in a moment of anger I wrote and told him that I would not return, although I was now free to marry him. To my horror he took me at my word. I had hoped that he would reply with a letter of reconciliation; instead, he cabled a curt dismissal.

"I could never have believed that a man for whom I had done so much, who owes me £1,000 which I spent on him, would take advantage of a hasty word written in anger to cast me adrift and leave me as neither wife nor widow.

"I would give anything to bring about a reconciliation, for I love him and I need him now as I am left almost penniless. What can I do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Your tragedy is one which may face any woman who enters into such an arrangement. Not being married, you cannot enforce your moral claim upon your unofficial husband, and it is even doubtful whether you could recover at law the money which you lavished upon him in his days of misfortune. If you cannot revive his love, I can only express the hope that he will retain sufficient sense of honour and decency to refund you the money he owes.*

"I WAS engaged for two years to a young man whom I really loved, but differences arose between us and we parted. In a moment of pique I accepted the next offer of marriage made to me, without considering the consequences.

Playing with Fire

"After the first excitement of the wedding, I realised I had married a man for whom I had no love.

"The man I married is a splendid husband and father to myself and our two children, yet try as I will I cannot feel any affection for him.

"Meeting my first lover again I have realised more than ever how much I love him. I feel strongly tempted to go away with him and give my husband ground for divorce. I feel I cannot keep up the pretence of loving him when all the time my heart is calling me elsewhere.

"If I left my husband it would almost break his heart, but it seems to me that he is sure to find out sooner or later that I do not love him, so I am, as it were, between two fires."

"HUMANIST" says: *Break off all association with your old lover and his relatives. He cannot be much good to tempt you, and to leave a fond husband and two children to gratify such a passion would be to shame your womanhood. Devote yourself to your little ones and you will find happiness; desert them and you will soon have nothing left but bitter remorse.*

* * *

"A FEW years ago I married for my second husband an Army pensioner receiving 24s. a week. He deserted me last year, leaving me with the burden of a house which we were buying by instalments.

Cruel Red Tape

"I have no one to help me except my boy by my first marriage, who is only working half-time, and therefore cannot do much, yet when I applied to the guardians for relief I was informed that they cannot grant me any as my son must keep me.

"When I told the relieving officer that, after paying the rent instalment on the house, my boy had scarcely enough to keep himself, I was told to move into a single room.

"Worst of all, my husband has never paid me the 25s. a week under a maintenance order, and although I have been granted a warrant it seems impossible to do anything with it.

"I wrote to the Pensions Issue Office in London for his address, but although they know it and admit that he is drawing his pension, they refuse to give it to me as they say it is confidential."

"HUMANIST" says: *I think that it is disgraceful that a public department should assist a man to avoid carrying out his obligations by refusing to disclose his address so that a warrant may be executed. Ask your M.P. to take the matter up with the Minister of Pensions.*

Just a Final?

THE last drink is the one that causes misery. The price of it might mean happiness for many. Next time you are asked the above question, suggest that the money should be sent to "The Greatest of These——" Fund. (See page 38.)

"CLOSE on four years ago my father who is now nearly eighty, had a stroke which left him a helpless invalid. When this occurred he was living by himself in a cottage a mile or two from us, and there being no other near relatives, either my wife or myself had to spend nearly all our time with him.

Painful Necessity

"We then had two children, one a twelve-months-old baby, and I was on a night shift, so that in a short time we were nearly knocked up ourselves.

"When the doctor informed us that my father would never be any better we brought him to live with us. Since he has been here we have had another baby which, of course, makes a great deal of extra work for my wife, and my father's condition has grown steadily worse.

"I am not able to help with him so much as before, as I am now on day work. My wife thinks the poor old fellow ought to be sent to the infirmary, as she says she cannot bear the strain much longer, but I cannot bring myself to abandon my poor old dad in this way."

"HUMANIST" says: *I am afraid if you do not agree to some such arrangement you may find that your wife has become an invalid through her efforts to do what is really beyond the power of a young mother nursing a baby. Your father would receive the necessary care and attention in the institution and you could visit him and ensure his comfort.*

* * *

A Mother's Heartache

"I am the unmarried mother of a daughter who has now been married for five years and has three children, but since she was wed she has never visited me or allowed me to visit her, owing, I believe, to the objections of her husband's family. My heart aches to see her and her little ones, and it seems cruel to keep her from me."

"Humanist" says: *It does seem cruel. Write to your daughter and ask her to persuade her husband to allow her to visit you with the children. As a mother herself, she should understand your feelings, and she should be able to gain her husband's approval.*

No Earning, No Eating

"I have a son, aged twenty, who is always unemployed and does not seem to be able to put his mind to any work. He is never ill and we cannot think what is wrong with him. Can we put him anywhere to be made to work, as he is a heavy burden?"

"Humanist" says: *If he is in good health, the trouble is probably sheer laziness. If he will not make an effort to earn his keep, put him on short commons. He will then no doubt soon find work for himself.*

A Tardy Reconciliation

"My parents separated years ago and both later committed bigamy. They have now been deserted by their bigamous partners and my father wishes me to persuade my mother to return to him. Should I do so?"

"Humanist" says: *Why not? If both are willing to forgive the past and start afresh, you should be glad to have the opportunity of bringing about a reconciliation. At all events, do not stand between them.*

FREE TRIAL OFFER

to ALL Sufferers from

Rheumatoid Arthritis

Some of our Distinguished Patrons.

The Rev. The MARQUIS of NORMANBY
Viscount HAWARDEN
Sir WILLIAM COOPER, Bart.
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Great Discovery by London Manufacturing Chemist—Thousands Cured—Prescribed and Recommended by over 300 Doctors.

This simple home treatment is working miracles every day. CURICONES have saved thousands of sufferers from despair. Their wonderful action often begins with the first dose—pain is banished—swellings disappear—vitality is restored. No such remedy has ever before been placed within the reach of sufferers from

Rheumatoid Arthritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis

The following extracts from letters received from members of the medical profession constitute more conclusive evidence than anything we can say regarding the value of CURICONES as a remedy for all Rheumatic Ailments.

REMARKABLE MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

Dr. J. W. (L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.), of Cheshire, writes:—"I have suffered more or less from Rheumatoid Arthritis for four years. A month ago, when I commenced taking 'Curicones,' I could only crawl about. I can now walk two miles at a stretch with comparatively little pain. 'Curicones' have given me truly marvellous relief."

Drs. D. and B. write:—"Enclosed please find cheque for capsules—am pleased to say they have had good results."

Dr. J. M. D. writes:—"The 'Curicones' sent me were used by a case of chronic Arthritis and gave great relief."

Dr. B. writes:—"Send 500 'Curicones' to-night certain—they are excellent."

Dr. M. K. writes:—"I enclose cheque for 'Curicones' for my daughter. I am so much better I want her to try them."

Send for FREE Trial Package

and FREE BOOK—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Curicones are prescribed and recommended by over 300 Doctors. Their action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules, containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take, and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

Fill in this Coupon NOW

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, fill in and post this coupon NOW, and in addition to the FREE TREATMENT and useful Book, you will receive further convincing testimony from the medical profession and former sufferers of the beneficial effects of CURICONES. This free treatment has been the first step to a complete cure with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TO-DAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table and full particulars of your discovery.

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STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists and Druggists, (Dept. E.A.2), 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Rest at its Best in the 'Derby' Chair-Bed

& 12/- Deposit secures one at once

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CASH or 85/- Account. Carriage Paid in Gt. Britain.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

THE DERBY CHAIR-BED is the most useful and luxurious piece of furniture that has ever been offered at this remarkably low price. Whenever you need an extra bed you will find this beautiful chair-bedstead indispensable. At a moment's notice, by a patented movement it can be changed from a handsome Easy Chair to the most comfy bed. The "Derby" Chair-Bed is Catesbys own exclusive design, and the seat is wider than usual for this style of Chair, giving extra comfort when in use as a bed. As a chair it will add dignity and ease to the Dining Room, Sitting Room or Lounge.

It is just what YOU need—send for one to-day. 3 soft cushions in Oriental colour fabric, or, if preferred, in Corduroy Velvet of any popular colour at the same low price.

Patterns & illustrations & other designs post free.

Another Bargain

Bentwood Chair. Strongly constructed. Walnut colour and better-class finish. Shell pattern seat 14 in. diameter. Satisfaction or money back. Carriage paid Great Britain on 3 or more.

5/9 EACH.

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HALF-PRICE SALE

of the FAMOUS *"NER-SAG"* MATTRESS SUPPORTS

for a Short Time Only. Secure your Bargain NOW and TAKE THE SAG OUT OF YOUR OLD MATTRESS

SEND NO MONEY—7 Nights' FREE TRIAL

Reorganisation for bigger and better production started this Sale, which knocks half the price clean away—a determined slashing cut of 50 per cent., which you can pocket by sending the coupon NOW, and you can have the "Ner-Sag" in your home for full use FREE FOR 7 NIGHTS' TRIAL without sending money first. Simply send us the Coupon and we will send you the "Ner-Sag." You have it, you fit it, you sleep on it, and only when you are thoroughly satisfied you pay for it. Should you decide not to keep it you may simply pack up the "Ner-Sag" and return to us. There the matter ends.

25/- NER-SAG

(Patent No.) SPRING MATTRESS SUPPORT

for Diamond Link, Chain or Woven Wire Mattresses with Iron or Wood sides in all standard sizes. The "Ner-Sag" is an appliance which fits under any existing mattress, no matter how badly sagging, and gives the same advantages and comfort as an expensive new box-spring, for a trifling cost. Made to give a LIFE-TIME'S WEAR. It is not in itself a mattress.

To secure this unprecedented bargain you must send the coupon now—this very day—before this paper is laid aside. After this Sale the old prices will come again into force

Do not miss it. Try at once—that will give you a chance to send repeat orders before the Sale closes. SAVE MONEY—FILL IN THE COUPON. SEND TO-DAY. Have you a pen or pencil in your pocket? If so, fill in this coupon and post now! SEND NO MONEY

By sending now you can save from 6/9 to 11/9 on your purchase. "Ner-Sags" are famous throughout the British Isles. Hundreds of thousands are in daily use. BARGAIN-LOVERS' GREATEST OPPORTUNITY.

Usual Price 13/6 SALE Price 6/9

3 ft. 6 in. size.				
3 ft.	15/6	Now	7/9
3 ft. 6 in.	17/6	..	8/9
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SALE PRICES Complete and Carriage Paid. Size is width of your present mattress.

This Trial offer does not apply in the Irish Free State.

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SALE COUPON—Send NOW

To NER-SAG, Ltd., 2, Green Lane, Ilford

Please send me a "Ner-Sag" Spring Mattress Support. Width of Mattress..... If I like it I will pay the Special Sale Price within 7 days. If not I will return it within the same period. (Please write in block letters.)

NAME .....

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JOHN BULL Feb. 12, 192

Nearest Railway Station.....

The ONLY TEST of a radio valve that matters is an official Government laboratory test

You are safe when you demand Mullard P.M. Valves with the wonderful P.M. Filament because they have a published National Physical Laboratory Test Report.

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THE·MASTER·VALVE

ADVT. THE MULLARD WIRELESS CO. LTD., MULLARD HOUSE, DENMARK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

Radio Notes

Tracing Troubles

by W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW

MODERN wireless sets are much simpler than those of a year or two ago and reliability of receivers and freedom from trouble are greater than ever.

Simplicity and reliability invariably go hand in hand in mechanical or electrical contrivances, and because wireless is finding by far its biggest demand among average folk the progress indicated above was very natural.

Nevertheless, the most perfect mechanism, always susceptible to trouble, and a few notes on the subject may be useful.

Terminal connections and wiring should first be examined if a set won't work at all, and if no sound is forthcoming. The cause may be a disconnected or broken wire or wires wrongly connected.

Another seat of occasional trouble is the tuning coil. No sound can be expected if the sliding contact is found only in touch with the insulated part of the coil. It must make contact with bare wire.

If the aerial, earth, headphone and battery connections are in order, the silence of a valve set may be due to defective valves or valve connections, or to the low-tension battery.

IF the low-tension battery is at fault, or if the trouble is with the valves, the latter will not light up when the set is switched on.

A valve which does not light up is not necessarily burnt out. The legs may not be making proper contact in their sockets. This trouble is remedied by opening out the legs a little wider with a pen-knife.

The continued refusal of a valve to light up after it and the rheostat have been tested for satisfactory contact generally indicates a broken filament, for which the remedy, of course, is a new valve. The silence of a set may be due to the high-tension battery if, when switched on, the characteristic click is not heard.

Crackling noises, sometimes indicate a running down of the high-tension battery. A defective cell in the latter can be detected with a voltmeter. When found, it should be short-circuited with a piece of wire. This will stop the crackling.

HOWLING may arise from several causes. Too much low-tension current or too much high-tension current, too large a reaction coil, or a grid leak of too high a resistance are causes.

If the reaction coil is too large, howling will cease when the prongs of the coil-holder are short-circuited with the coil removed. A smaller coil should be substituted.

Trouble with the condenser plates can sometimes be remedied by altering the size of coils used, so that on a different condenser reading, where the plates may not rub together, the same wavelength may be tuned in.

Signals which weaken and strengthen suddenly may arise from the broken ends of the transformer windings making contact only occasionally.

Weak signals on a crystal set can often be remedied by cleaning the crystal with petrol. Cutting off the tip of a corroded cat's-whisker is sometimes effective.

Small crystals sets are often liable to be knocked about. Occasionally it happens that in such sets a small fixed condenser across the telephone terminals suffers an internal short circuit.

Keep the headphones on when looking for the cause of any trouble. A sound heard suddenly while you are testing may give the clue to the defect.

SILVERVOX
LOUD SPEAKER

PRICE
£3.10.0

The "Silvervox" Loud Speaker will reproduce both speech and music without the loss of its original tone and quality. Coils wound to either 120 or 4000 ohms. The tone arm is a heavy aluminium casting. Total height 30 inches. Size of trumpet, 12½ inches diameter.

Sold by all leading Wireless Stores.
The SILVERTOWN COMPANY,
106, Cannon Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

BLANKETS
10/6 A PAIR
Size about 63 x 88 ins. 1 Pair for Carriage paid. 10/6
Double Bed size. 2 Pairs for Carriage paid. 20/-
A REAL BARGAIN
COTTON BLANKETS
EQUAL AS EXTRA BLANKET
Good Fleecy Blankets, very warm and durable. Every blanket is a genuine bargain, made in the best possible style, from the finest quality materials.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
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84, NEWTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

When replying to advertisers' announcements, always write clearly stating name and full postal address. "John Bull's" Guarantee appears on page 16.

With solid oak flare

TYPE A.R.650

A NEW DRAGON AMPLION LOUD SPEAKER

£3·18·6

Other AMPLION Models from 38/-

at a popular price

There is no substitute for a genuine AMPLION

Announcement of Graham Amplion Limited, 25, Savile Row, London, W. 1.

"Don't spoil the ship for a ha'p'oth o' tar"

To save on first cost by using dry batteries for high tension is false economy.
The results obtained cannot be compared with accumulator H.T. with its freedom from fluctuations and purity of reception against a dead silent background.
When dry batteries are discharged—you have to go and buy new ones.
Accumulators can be re-charged again and again at trifling cost. The Exide WJ is the best H.T. battery in the world. It will run the average Loud Speaker set for 6 months on one charge, and can be left standing for months at a time with no loss of charge or deterioration.

HIGH TENSION

TYPE W J
capacity
2,500
milli-amp. hours
in 20 volt
units 15/-
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9d.
per volt.

Exide
The Sign of Skilled Service.

Exide
THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

TYPE WJ
Regd. Design No. 719,181.

Advertisement of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd, Clifton Junction, nr. Manchester.

Our Letter Parliament

The Dregs in the Cup

House Shortage Worse!—Sunshine Still—The Haunting Cry

THE cases cited by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, in his article, "Oh, Ye Hypocrites!" (JOHN BULL, January 29) should make us pause and think. Praiseworthy efforts have been made to add to the sum of human happiness, but we have only scratched the surface of the problem; and the last thing we can do is to plume ourselves on past achievements. That of shocking overcrowding and inhuman slavery can be multiplied a hundredfold should be sufficient to knock the conceit out of the whited sepulchres who think that all is well simply because they are well.—*L. W., Liverpool.*

The Blind Eye

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's splendid article, "Oh, Ye Hypocrites!" should made the Churches and other organisations blush with shame at the extreme apathy they show towards all the ghastly evils in our midst. Coloured races to whom we send missionaries do not live in such filthy hovels that English people are forced to occupy. It is no good having ideal factories when the workers have to live under conditions which spread disease.—*L. J. B., Surrey.*

An Unequal Fight

The fight being waged against tuberculosis will never show any material advance until the infected families are given sufficient space to live and sleep in. What chance have children who are forced to sleep in small bedrooms with seven or more others suffering from the disease of combating it? I know of one such family of ten, lodging in two rooms, through being unable to obtain a house.—*J. E. D., Middlesbrough.*

". . . Britons Never"?

In the Somerset pits, boys wear the "gus" around the naked waist. It is made of a thick piece of rope with a chain fastened in front that passes between the boy's legs. A crook is fastened to the chain, which he hitches on to a "put," and the boys haul the coal out of the headings to the tub. Many headings are from 12 in. to 20 in. high, and boys have to crawl on their stomach, dragging the coal to be loaded into tubs.—*A Miner, Radstock.*

Snail Pace

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's denunciation of our vaunted civilisation is strong and sweeping, but, alas! is too palpably true. If we compare the conditions under which the masses are living to-day with those which obtained fifty years ago, it is painfully clear that we have made but scant progress. And when we further consider that during this time science and knowledge have made strides such as no similar period has previously witnessed, we should hang our heads in shame that want and social injustice are to be seen on every hand.—*A. Crook, Ardrick.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

How the Poor Live

If your contributor could come to Gateshead, he would see something worse than the colony of unfortunates at Kingsdown—orange-box shelters, side by side with pigeon-houses and stables; children bare-footed and ragged, wading through pools; cooking done on fires in battered buckets outside the huts. Our economical council, instead of providing better accommodation, has erected swings, to which the delicate children can hardly walk.—*J. Brown, Gateshead.*

The Hungry Swallow

Mr. A. G. Gardiner heralds the coming of the trusts as "The Big Swallow." As a tradesman, I am afraid that it will be a swallow in the sense that we shopkeepers will be the swallowed. It becomes harder and harder for us to compete with the multiple-shop owners, and a race of independent traders, with a stake in the district, is being slowly replaced by subservient wage-earners.—*A. R., Deptford.*

Saving the Mother

JOHN BULL has added to its record of splendid service to the country by publishing Earl Russell's forceful article advocating constructive birth control. This knowledge should be available to all married people. Thousands of parents who, through lack of knowledge, bring large families into the world would far sooner limit the number to one or two, not only to save the mother, but also to give the one or two children a really good start on life's ladder.—*W. R. P., Coventry.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO":—"Only 0.2 per cent. women clerks remain employed when they reach 15. The majority marry BEFORE that age."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"Anne Moriston STOOD a long time there, taking short steps across the floor."

"ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD":—"Take a QUART of cooked mutton."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Perfectly plain hot water must be used, nothing MUCH added to it."

"THOMSON'S WEEKLY": —"Mary hesitated in the path, and then firmly shook her HEART."

"BROMSGROVE WEEKLY MESSENGER": —"The BROTHERS May and Kathleen Parrott gave a very cynical sketch and a very funny one."

Hindering Housing

The recent report of the L.C.C. Housing Committee makes ominous reading. The figures prove that, despite the efforts made during the past five years, the position to-day is actually worse than it was even in 1919. The shortage is principally of working-class houses. The reason is simple—this type of property is not now a worth-while investment. If the Government wish to solve the problem let them abolish or reduce income-tax on this property.—*Houseless, Middlesex.*

Spreading the Sunshine

I was delighted to see that you have decided to give a more prominent position to Mr. Philip Inman's wonderful articles. For an awful minute, when I was unable to find the article in its usual place, I feared you had dropped it. These articles not only show us the many-sided problems of life, but also that even in the least expected places there still exists in abundance the spirit of patience in suffering, fortitude in pain and grief, and self-surrender in a world of materialism.—*Appreciation, Bristol.*

The Child's Cry

I am the mother of five under eight, with another expected before long. When working, my husband's wage was 32s. 6d. Now that he is unemployed we depend on anything he can get. My eldest three tramp across fields to school, with very rarely anything different from bread and "marg." We get meat only on Sundays, then very little. Is it any wonder village children are pasty-looking and backward? If employers heard a child's cry, "Mam, I'm hungry," perhaps wages would rise.—*A Sufferer, Mon.*

A Motley Crowd!

Mr. Baldwin is tired; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is lazy; Mr. Churchill would love to be a Mussolini; "G.B.S." says we are all mad; Mr. Roffe Thompson says the League of Nations is the world's salvation; Mr. Arnold F. Holt knows that co-operation is better than strife; the "boss" says, "No interference"; the parson prates that good will in industry is the thing. I am signing on to-morrow. I wonder what the "dole" clerk will say. —*W. T., Dinnington.*

The Same Old Tale

Recruiting posters are now being exhibited urging young men and boys to join the Navy. Amongst the inducements offered is one which should give ex-Service men furiously to think. It reads, "Exceptional opportunities of employment on leaving the Service." After serving nine years in the Navy I was discharged "medically unfit." That was four years ago, and I have been idle ever since, so I would like to know where the "exceptional opportunity" comes in. —*S. G. Kilgour, Clackmannan.*

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Having gazed, enrapt, amazed,
At Musso the Divine,
He (black-shirted it's asserted)
Kneels now at his shrine.

Bravo! Dundee! Your policy
Does credit to your city!
Help in need is worth indeed
An "awfu' lot" of pity.

"No, Mr. B., you cannot see
What's in this private show,
But anyhow, if there's a row
I'll see you get to know."

Poultry farming's very charming,
But what "gives you socks" is
Any gain that might remain
Is collared by the foxes.

"STOPPED-UP" NOSE

A simple, safe, inexpensive method that clears out the Head, Nose and Throat. Four Cigarettes Sent Free.

Nasal catarrh is not only disagreeable and offensive, but it will lead to serious trouble. That inflamed condition of the mucous membranes of the air passages of the head, nose and throat may spread to the point where it is incurable and a danger to life.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries. The warm smoke vapour is inhaled into the affected air passages, and will go where sprays, douches, and salves cannot reach. They contain no tobacco or cubebs, and being harmless, are used by women and children as well as men.

If you suffer from any catarrhal trouble, plain nasal catarrh, hay fever, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or are subject to frequent colds, get from any chemist's a convenient pocket-size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effects.

Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a packet containing four cigarettes will be sent to you, quite free, if you will send your request to—Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 C.T.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

NERVE WEAKNESS.

Nearly all women and most men suffer at times from fits of depression, from which they are unable to free themselves. Everything is a burden and a tax upon their strength; then come periods of nervous irritability, headache and weariness. People who suffer from nerve weakness in this way lack vitality because their blood is poor, and their nerves are being starved in consequence.

The only way the nerves can be reached is through the blood—feed the blood and you nourish the nerves. The finest blood-maker is Dr. Williams' pink pills. The remarkable reputation gained by these pills is due to the wonderful way in which they create rich red blood. This in turn supplies to the nerves the very elements they need. One of the first signs you will notice after beginning Dr. Williams' pink pills is an improved appetite; then your spirits will brighten; you will be endowed with fresh energy and find new joy in life.

So begin now to build up your nervous system by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. Avoid nerve troubles. Writ to C. F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square London, W.1, for free copy of "The Nerves Needs"; it is worth reading.

Earn 5½% on your Savings

Place your spare funds on deposit repayable in full at one month's notice with accrued interest at 5½% per annum.

Full particulars from
The Secretary, (J.B.),

THE LADY WORKERS HOMES, Ltd.,
41 CIRCUS ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.8.
Issued Capital (fully paid) over £300,000.

DOUGLAS STUART

(*Scotland*), *Ltd.*

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

and that is the chief reason why

"He rules an Empire of satisfied punters."—

John Bull.

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UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED.

DAILY S.P. BUSINESS
A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT
ON SINGLES, DOUBLES, ACCUMULATORS.

+ + +

FOOTBALL

Send for Weekly Lists and Prices on English Cup.

+ + +

DON'T DELAY,
WRITE TO-DAY.

5, DRURY STREET,
GLASGOW.

For SATISFACTION and PROMPT PAYMENT deal with

WHITE, FISHER & Co.

144a, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW

6 LEAGUES. 6 LISTS.

NOTHING EVER BARRED
and
YOUR WINNINGS ON YOUR
BREAKFAST TABLE.

LINCOLN and NATIONAL

We guarantee the biggest odds obtainable for Singles & Doubles. Write to-day.

BILKERS ON THE INCREASE

Bogus Bookmakers who "Go Away"—with the Cash

NOW that the acceptances for the Spring handicaps are out and backers all over the country are trying to spot the big double, I make no apology for once more mentioning the subject of the defaulting bookmaker.

JUDGING by JOHN BULL'S ever-swelling post-bag of complaints from every corner of the United Kingdom, this pest of racing is very much on the increase. New bogus concerns are springing up like mushrooms, while the old exponents of bilking the backer flit from address to address and continue to flourish.

AGAIN and again I am able to discern old defaulters operating under new names and, more often than not, when I am doubtful and want to obtain satisfaction for readers, I am rewarded with the return of my letters marked "Gone away."

I REGRET that the very magnitude of this form of knavery makes it impossible for me to publish a weekly blacklist in the space at my disposal, for complaints come in by the hundred. Quite recently I have been making enquiries of James Carter, 12, Palmer Street, Westminster, S.W.; Lindrum and Baker, 11, Wardour Street, W.; and E. Green and Co. Ltd., 7, Great Marlborough Street, W.

IN every case the postal authorities sent back my letters marked with the old formula. It is a crying shame. With the institution of the betting-tax the Government has definitely recognised bookmakers and betting. Surely it is now its duty to institute water-tight regulations that will protect backers.

ENDORSING or withdrawing bogus bookies' certificates is not sufficient to put a stop to the merry little game. They should be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences. In the meantime, my advice to backers is to bet with the big men or, if you contemplate opening an account with a firm unknown to you, write to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service before commencing operations.

THE six doubles which I black-lettered last week have survived the first obstacle—the acceptance—but I am not satisfied with Pop Ahead. The gelding was never a fighting factor in the Nottingham H'cap 'Chase and finished last, with the exception of Estuna, who fell. Pop Ahead must go like one of the little nigger boys, and from now on my nap hand reads:—

Grand National.	Lincolnshire.
MASTER BILLIE	FRIAR WILE
MASTER BILLIE	MELON
JACK HORNER	FRIAR WILE
JACK HORNER	MELON
JACK HORNER	ST. FORTUNAT

M. MARCEL BOUSSAC advises my French correspondent that Asterus, his selected and the favourite for the Lincolnshire, is sufficiently forward to make it certain that he can be made reasonably fit for the first of the Spring Handicaps. The stable have a wholesome dread of First Edition II., but think they can beat Coram. M. Boussac is of the opinion that relative fitness will determine the result, and is hopeful that his horse will be as fit as anything in the field.

TO JOHN BULL readers he sends this special message: "I am grateful for the interest taken in my horse by English racing people. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to know that when my horse wins races he benefits what you call the little punters. I know only too well what a lottery racing is, and how easily hopes can be shattered by one or other of the factors that upset calculations, but my horse is a good one at a mile or thereabouts, and it is my hope that his class will carry him through. He will be a trier and will be run for a place if he cannot win. More than that I cannot say."

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

ROMAN ROAD is the best outsider for Chelmsford.

MISCONDUCT, whom Mr. Gordon H. Selfridge has bought with hopes of winning the Grand National, should be noted for the Folkestone H'cap 'Chase.

PEEPING TOM is leniently treated in the General Peace Open Hurdle at Lingfield.

HIS LUCK should be given another chance. The gelding was in the wars at Nottingham or would have beaten Red Bee.

WHITE MOUNTAIN, whom I coded when he won at the last Haydock meeting at 100 to 8, should be backed in the Colborne Hurdle.

REGICIDE is my long-priced selection for Saturday.

ASTERUS may follow in the footsteps of Sir Gallahad and Tapin, but I prefer the French emigrant St. Fortunat, and it will be noticed that the son of St. Just is included in my doubles. St. Fortunat beat Asterus at level weights in France before Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen purchased him. The four-year-old won his first race in England over a mile, carrying 9 st. Later on he was shouldering back-breaking burdens.

A FEW weeks ago I published an interesting racing letter from a correspondent in Nigeria. In commenting on some of the conditions, I mentioned that "catch weights" and "weights for inches with penalties" had me groggy. Another correspondent from this outpost of civilisation has now put me wise. "J. L." writes from Lagos:

"OUR ponies or horses are measured by the official measurer and receive weights according to the height, but should a pony have won at this or any other meeting, it receives a penalty of 2 or 4 lbs. for each win. Thus you will see that all ponies get a chance. Now, as to 'catch weights.' You will note that the conditions stipulate a weight—say 10 st. 7 or 11 st. Our interpretation of this is that, though a horse may carry more than the stipulated weight—on the owner's declaration—it cannot carry less.

"I AM glad to tell you that the majority of us supporting the 'Sport of Kings' here, are from Britain, I myself hailing from Liverpool. We are all out for the 'Hay and Corn' stakes, and these meetings help to pass our time and to give us the excitement of having a flutter. Also, a great deal of money is not required to become an owner in this country. Of course, the meetings are also patronised by native sportsmen, and the keenness equals that of good old Aintree or any other English course.

"THERE was a two-day meeting held at Jos, Northern Nigeria, on Saturday and Sunday last. Some of our Lagos horses have gone to do the trick. I may add that Jos is 650 miles from here and is a three days' railway journey. What would the fashionable English trainers say to sending their nags over such a distance, especially as our horse-boxes faintly resemble an ordinary old-time English cattle truck." Thank you, "J. L." You will note my selections for the Lincoln and National.

AS I cannot be in two places at once this week-end I shall visit Lingfield, weather permitting. The last meeting on the pretty Surrey course suffered a one-day cancellation owing to flood. Unless I have any special information, I rely on R. Gore to supply the Sunday joint. The Findon trainer usually lands a nice winner at the meeting. He should win with Wood Owl and Mark Twain.

R. Gore, the trainer to follow at Lingfield

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

P R V T X O S B I M 2 A U H

W K E Q G Z 3 C F L Y N D J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. BN3JCZG would read CASH BOX.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, February 9, to Tuesday, February 15.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Huddersfield, Sunderland, Reading, Bournemouth, Bristol C., Cowdenbeath.

5 HOME.—Bolton, Bury, Middlesbrough, Notts Forest, Reading.

4 HOME.—Sunderland, Bristol C., Newport, Queen's Park (Glasgow).

3 AWAY.—Burnley, Chelsea, Rochdale.

3 DRAWS.—Port Vale v. Hull, Luton v. Southend, Hamilton v. Aberdeen.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Bristol C. Norwich, Burnley, Preston.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Brentford, Newcastle, Blackpool v. Portsmouth.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I and II.).—Bolton, Bury, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Reading.

FORECASTS FOR FEBRUARY 19.

ENGLISH CUP (FIFTH ROUND).

HOME WINNERS.—Bolton, Millwall, Reading, Wolverhampton.

CHANCES OF ALL HORSES

Engaged in the Spring Handicaps are fully discussed daily in

THE SPORTING LIFE & SPORTSMAN

2d. DAILY

Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Burnley.

DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Liverpool, Southampton v. Newcastle, South Shields v. Swansea.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Tottenham, West Ham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Sunderland.

DRAWS.—Leicester v. Huddersfield, Everton v. Blackburn.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Oldham, South Shields.

DRAWS.—Fulham v. Grimsby, Manchester C. v. Notts. Forest.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford, Doncaster, Rochdale, Stoke, Tranmere, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Halifax, Nelson.

DRAWS.—Durham v. Crewe, Rotherham v. Ashington.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Exeter, Gillingham, Southend, Swindon.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bristol C., Brighton, Bournemouth, Newport.

DRAWS.—Coventry v. Plymouth, Watford v. Aberdare.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Motherwell, St. Johnstone.

DRAW.—St. Mirren v. Dundee.

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THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT,

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"Fair Odds and Fair Play."

NOTHING BARRED IN SIX LEAGUES OR ENGLISH CUP.

Send at once for

CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPONS

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LINCOLN HANDICAP

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Second Pools, Singles and the Double Event close Feb. 21st.

Similar Pools last year returned

KING OF CLUBS - 520/1

JACK HORNER - 28/1

All commissions for Ante-Post Pools are "Free of Tax."

Send a postcard for full particulars, Rules, List of Ante-Post Pools, Football Lists, etc.

THE TOTALISATOR,

St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 9d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 K.B.), London, W.1

"The Greatest of These—" Acknowledgments.

(Continued from page 30.)

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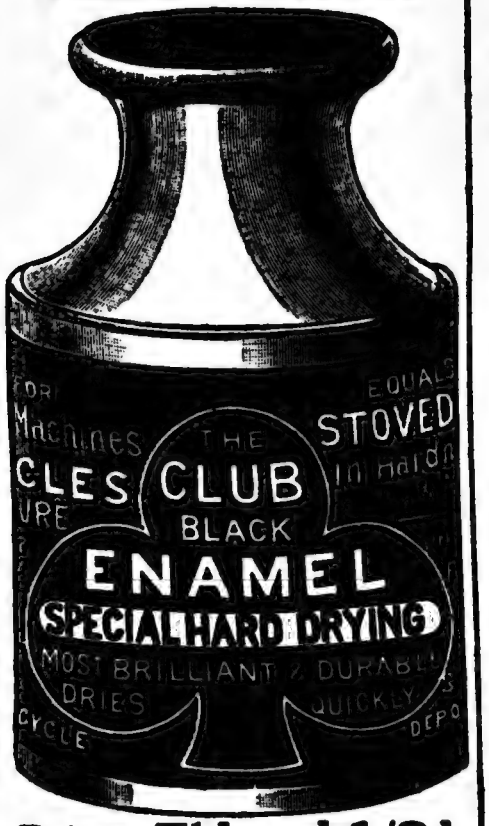

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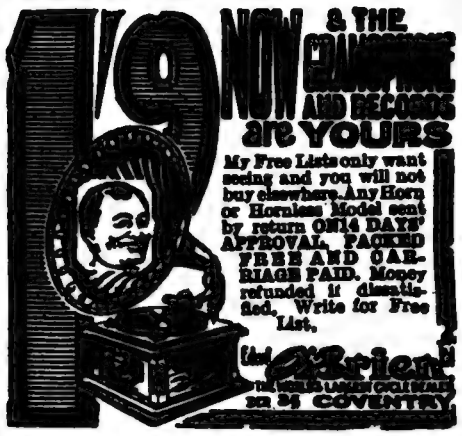
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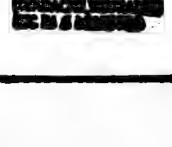

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P. B. (Merton).—"Britain is again in the van." Good. So many gloomy people say she's still in the cart.

T. B. (Oxford).—"I applied for a job, but soon got the sack." Perhaps you stopped applying when you got the job.

G. M. (Moorgate).—"I am sending you a thrilling poem I have written." We admire your unerring literary judgment.

H. M. (Glasgow).—"There were a lot of missiles thrown about at the football match." Community slinging!

Mrs. F. (Bentham).—"Woman was made before looking-glass." And she has kept before it ever since.

J. K. (Eltham).—"After all, the Post Office makes very few mistakes." At any rate, your letters are safely delivered here with terrible regularity.

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B. L. (Skye).—"I'm fat, it's no good denying it, and massage doesn't make any difference." Truth is stronger than friction.

F. R. (Gloucester).—"Friends are all right, but a really good wife can't be beaten." And even a really bad one mustn't be.

H. N. (Balham).—"Is it necessary that letters for this page should be typewritten?" Oh, no. We even get some that needn't even have been written.

T. C. (Bridgend).—"Should a woman work for her husband." Most women have to; there's such a competition for husbands nowadays.

L. Y. (Grimsby).—"I enclose the latest Aberdeen story." You don't. It is about contemporary with the first Ford story.

G. J. (Dorking).—"I have no idea whether you will publish this article or not." We won't, just because you have no ideas.

C. C. (Southgate).—"I know the secret of what made the Tower of Pisa lean." That should make a fortune, sold to the fat.

Miss I. (Kew).—"A strange man tried to kiss me once." He'd have been stranger still if he had tried to kiss you twice.

B. D. (Derby).—"We ought to be seriously studying the metal question in this country." Most of us are already worried about our brass.

G. L. (Dumfermline).—"Now that man has completely conquered the air——" The trouble seems to be to make the air realise it.

Mrs. L. (Uxbridge).—"I put him across my knee and gave him the slipper to impress it upon his mind." You appear to us to be mistaken as to the location of his mind.

L. R. (Bristol).—"I find money very scarce just now." Yes, February is always a short month.

B. T. (Reading).—"He said I hadn't the brains of a hen." What rot; we feel sure you have!

G. M. (Kendal):—"I think my story should carry conviction." Seven years at least if you get justice.

Mrs. H. (Rothesay).—"I say to sop up your gravy with bread is bad form." True but very good taste!

S. M. (Marsden).—"What is your favourite drink composed of?" We often wonder.

F. G. L. (Beaconsfield).—"What objection can there be to a friendly bet?" The possibility of losing.

M. H. B. (Willesden).—"I saw the little wretch steal my cuff links." Did you give him a few cuffs to go with them?

NETTA (Harringay).—"At last I have decided upon a career." What's his age and business?

G. J. (Burnley).—"There is more strength in two eggs than in one pound of beef." We've met that kind of egg!

MINNIE (Pinner).—"I positively hate moustaches." Where have you come into contact with them?

Mrs. L. (Morecambe).—"I cannot induce him even to notice my account." Put it on his chair with a tack business end up.

F. G. (Coniston):—"I took particular care to treat her father royally." In other words, you were careful to back out of his presence.

B. B. (Margate).—"I am a great believer in the luck brought by horse shoes." Especially when they're fixed on a winner.

Miss R. (Bolton).—"I hear that bustles are likely to come in again." Call here on Press night and you'll see the whole staff in a bustle.

M. R. (Southgate).—"Very large checks will be a feature of men's dress in summer." And larger cheques the feature of women's.

Mrs. K. (Golders Green).—"My daughter has the sharpest ears you ever heard of." Can you see the scratches round the keyholes?

J. J. (Middlesbrough).—"The man who invented rubber tyres should have a statue to his memory." A bust would be more appropriate.

Mrs. B. (Grange).—"I know now it was a big come-down for me to marry this man." Were you so far up on the shelf?

J. J. (Ingleton).—"Can you tell me, approximately, the rate of growth of fishes?" It all depends upon who is telling the fishing story.

Mrs. L. (Bingley).—"You may think from enclosed I am not so young as I make out." No; merely older than you make up.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

W. F. L. (Bury).—"All geniuses are thin men." A bit thick, that.

B. L. (Saltaire).—"Do you know anything about fish culture?" Yes; they haven't got any worth mentioning.

Miss D. N. (Plymouth).—"I hate lightning." We agree that it's a thundering nuisance.

G. T. D. (Pembroke).—"I was always singing when I was a soldier." Show Me the Way to Go Home?

M. E. J. (Merton).—"Would it hurt your feelings if I called you a liar." It would be more likely to hurt our fist.

H. W. (Chester).—"I wrote this poem for a wager." We thought you had written it for revenge.

Mrs. T. W. (Buxton).—"He used to chuck me under the chin." Where does he chuck you now—under the table?

Mrs. F. (Swanage).—"I fed my boy on tinned milk, and he's very small." Condensed!

J. K. J. (Eastleigh).—"How many collars do you wear a week?" How many weeks do you wear a collar?

R. A. (Derby).—"Even Communists are fractions of the nation." And vulgar ones at that.

S. F. E. (Wigan).—"I can get twelve bath tickets for three-and-six." Then you anticipate living twelve years?

F. K. (Luton).—"There's a connection between character and the feet." The bad one needs swift ones.

Mrs. I. (Colchester).—"What, in times of trial, brings man the greatest comfort?" Acquittal.

C. C. (Gloucester).—"I work hard, but get nothing for my pains." Try a good embrocation.

R. J. (Redhill).—"My wife has gone away for a few weeks." Never mind—you can win a *Bullets* Gramophone to take her place.

Mrs. D. (Liverpool).—"For the past six months my husband has hardly ever spoken in the house." Why not hide the head 'phones for a bit?

F. K. (Dunoon).—"I went to a football match in Glasgow, and the game started twenty minutes late." Perhaps they lost the coin they tossed with.

"LEADING LADY" (Wimbledon).—"My parents didn't want me to become an actress." Possibly they have had their wish after all.

"SAFETY FIRST" (Sudbury).—"There should be at least one policeman for every two hundred inhabitants." Tut! Lots of servant girls round us manage one apiece.

H. H. (Swansea).—"I was in my car the other day when a man ran after me shouting at the top of his voice." You really should try to keep up the instalments.

B. N. (Sheffield).—"Do you think the growing of beards for married men will ever become general?" It all depends upon whether wives insist on knitting ties.

D. C. M. (Peckham).—"I scored twenty-seven goals in one match for the Peckham Swifts. Ever heard of the Peckham Swifts?" We've heard of Ananias.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

CORNS—BUT WHY?

Such misery is no longer necessary Here is proof which no one can possibly doubt.

READ THIS UNSOLICITED LETTER.

50 *Bristol Street, Newport, Mon.*

Sirs,—For years I have suffered with a nasty corn under the big toe. After using Reudel Bath Saltrates the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is of any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. S. DURANT.

All chemists have this in packets of convenient sizes and at low prices.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES
MORE THAN A BATH SALT

Sore Throats Relieved by Simple Vapour Treatment.

Liverpool Mother Just Rubs Modern Vaporising Ointment on Throat and Chest for Cold-Troubles.

Mrs. Wilson, 50, Louisa Street, Everton, Liverpool, writes:—

"I have used Vick brand Vapour-Rub on my child for sore throats with very good results. The great advantage of it for children is that it is used externally, and therefore cannot upset them. A lot of my friends have found it very good for all kinds of colds."

The external treatment of cold-troubles with Vick brand Vapour-Rub is now used widely in this country, especially for young children. It is so simple to rub it on their throats and chests, and it works so well. Children do not object to it, and it cannot harm them as constant dosing may do. It is, of course, just as good for adults' colds.

A Double Action.

Vick brand Vapour-Rub has a double action. Its ingredients are vaporised by the body-heat and inhaled right to the inflamed air-passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing. At the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice, "drawing out" the soreness and helping the vapours inhaled to relieve the congestion. Price 2/6 a jar; trial size, 1/3.

"Just rub it on" VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB
BEST FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

RUPTURE CONQUERED

ITS DISCOMFORT AND PAIN ENDED

Wonderful invention acclaimed by Medical Profession.

INSTANT AND PERMANENT RELIEF EFFECTED.

What "The Lancet"—the great Medical Journal—says:

"AN INGENIOUS PAD.—The Beasley Surgical Appliance Company, of Charing Cross Road, London, have submitted to us a hernia appliance which should obviate a great deal of the trouble and inconvenience caused by an unadaptable pad. The Beasley appliance embodies an inflatable pear shaped rubber pad covered with leather, and by the aid of a small detachable bulb any degree of resiliency can be given to it. The air-filled pad adapts itself to the part which it is intended to support, and is kept in position by webbing or rubber bands. The whole apparatus is easily washable, and the air valves are so simple that there is no likelihood of their getting out of order."

14 IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT THE BEASLEY PATENTED RUPTURE APPLIANCE

1. **NO OTHER APPLIANCE CAN BRING FORWARD THE SAME MEDICAL EVIDENCE.**
2. It carries the personal recommendation of Britain's leading medical journal, "The Lancet."
3. It has been awarded the Certificate of Merit by the Institute of Hygiene, whose Committee consists of leading surgeons and physicians in this country.
4. The Appliance embodies a pad which can be inflated or deflated at will to give the required amount of pressure.
5. It is the ONLY one which is fitted with a real AIR PAD.
6. **THE PRINCIPLE OF THE BEASLEY APPLIANCE IS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER RUPTURE APPLIANCE IN EXISTENCE.**
7. It is manufactured from the finest materials procurable.
8. It cannot foul or get dirty, for it is washable.
9. **IT IS SENT ON APPROVAL WITH A GUARANTEE OF MONEY REFUNDED IF DISSATISFIED.**
10. It contains no springs or metal, wood or ebonite, and cannot slip under any circumstances.
11. **IT IS THE ONLY APPLIANCE MADE WHICH HAS A SCIENTIFICALLY AND ANATOMICALLY CORRECT PAD.**
12. It has given entire satisfaction to patients who have tried every known truss or appliance without success.
13. It was invented by a man who suffered for thirty years from double rupture.
14. **IT IS MADE IN VARIOUS SHAPES AND SIZES, AND THESE ARE CHOSEN TO SUIT EACH CASE INDIVIDUALLY.**

Test these Claims for Yourself on our "Money Back" Guarantee

FREE BOOKLET and GENEROUS OFFER.

If you are ruptured send now for Free Booklet giving full details of the most wonderful appliance ever invented for the relief and comfort of Ruptured Men, Women and Children. It is not a truss. It is just a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to just the pressure you require to suit your varying needs. You can adjust it in a moment, and it cannot possibly slip out of place. It is so light and comfortable that you positively will not know you have it on. Indeed you will forget the rupture altogether.

And it holds the Hernia with such gentle firmness that in nearly every case the broken tissue reunites and the rupture is conquered for ever. No wonder doctors everywhere recommend it. **No wonder that great medical journal, THE LANCET, has endorsed it enthusiastically as it has never done for any other truss.**

Read about our remarkable offer of a full personal trial absolutely free. It costs you nothing, so why delay? Just fill in this coupon NOW, and post it to-day while you think of it, to The Beasley Surgical Appliance Company, Dept. 8K, 26, Charing Cross Road, London. Callers assured of sympathetic treatment.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

THE BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY,
Dept. 8K, 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Send me your illustrated FREE book about Rupture, and particulars of your offer of a **Personal Free Test** under guarantee.

Name.....

Address.....

"The Greatest of These . . . . . "

Make-believe Millionaires

Rockefeller's Antidote for Poverty

A GREAT thought has been suggested by a correspondent who believes he has found in the example of a millionaire an antidote for poverty. He writes:

"The poor hard-up person should make it a point to give a little to a good cause and give it often and with a good heart. J. D. Rockefeller practised this principle from the time when, as a boy, he earned his first pay, giving systematically each week to some good cause, and as his riches grew he gave more and more.

"Sixpence a week, or sixpence a month, whatever a man can afford, will bring him happiness and prosperity."

Our correspondent may not be aware of the extent to which the principle he propounds is carried out by our readers.

A legion put aside a penny a week and sent us thirteen-pence quarterly. A poor woman who has lived in the shadows sends threepence, hoping that it may help towards a brighter New Year for somebody. Another with eight children whose husband is a labourer sends sixpence.

Sixpenny postal-orders come from one who says, "It is one-twentieth of my weekly wage," from a poor brother and sister with "two feeling hearts," from one who signs himself simply "Still Out of Work," from a former regular contributor of larger sums now unemployed, who realises that there are others who have been out of work longer than himself.

A shilling "from Baby" indicates that some mother is teaching charity to her offspring early in life. A man out of work for eleven weeks sends a similar sum out of his earnings for three days' employment.

A man who has had a good dinner sends a shilling "for a sandwich for someone."

If such as these can gladly give their trifles to relieve those who are in distress, how much more should those who expect no change out of a five-pound note after an evening's entertainment contribute their share!

Every pound you send us will be distributed in relief, for the proprietors of JOHN BULL bear all the expenses.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

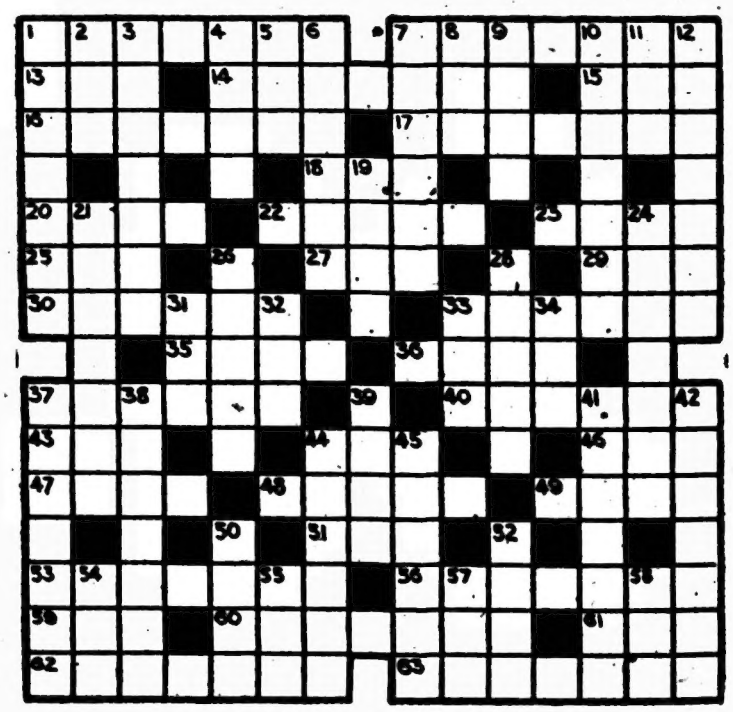
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

H. E. S. (Sarum), 5s.; P. H. (Mendelsham), 2s.; A. C. Le Cus, 10s.; E. Tucker (Plymouth), 2s. 6d.; J. J. (Preston), 5s.; W. Clerett (Houghton, Guildford), 2s.; D. T. (Tamworth), 5s.; A. Y. (Wanborough), 1s.; F. and D., £1 1s.; D. L. C. (Leigh-on-Sea), 3s.; T. G. (Walthamstow), 5s.; No. 6, 2s. 6d.; E. F. C. M., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; T. J. Crisp, 2s.; Exile, 10s.; Mrs. Finch, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Wellstead, 3s.; A. Heart, 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. M. E. Mortimer (Cheltenham), £1; Maud Curragh (Belfast), 2s.; Trowbridge Moonrakes Farthing Fund, 10s.; A Few Fitters, 10s.; Kempston (Beds.), 2s. 6d.; Anon, 2s.; Ninth for Xmas, 3s.; Laddie, 2s. 6d.; Two Sympathisers (Godalming), 7s.; B.M./BXDX, London, W.C.1, 10s.; M. Cole (Ecton), 5s.; R. A. Bull, 5s.; Miss M. Taylor, 2s. 6d.; J. W. (Wick), 2s. 6d.; G. M. (Rancorn), 2s. 6d.; From Geoffrey and Barbara, 2s. 6d.; A. W. (Market Harborough), £1; A. W., 1s.; Jorje, 10s.; Setay (Keswick), 12s.; E. K. Y., 7s. 6d.; Mrs. S. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; A. R. Reader, 5s.; L. G., 6d.; In omuch (South Shields), 2s. 6d.; Maidil, 2s. 6d.; T. A. Bailey (Sheffield), 4s.; 45's Rebels, 12s. 6d.; E. L. Edmunds (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; A Reader of *John Bull*, 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; A. Friend, 2s. 6d.; T. Foxwell (Ho sham), 2s.; W. Naiser (Grangemouth), 10s.; Anon., 1s. 1d.; S. A. L. (Darwen), 2s. 6d.; J. L. (Salford), 13s.; Anon. (Galashiels), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. (Oxford), 5s.; J. Pallant, (Ditcham, Ipswich), 1s.; Margaret Alexander (Exmouth), 2s. 6d.; Robert

(*Continued on page* 35.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

Get Out Your Pencil



CLUES ACROSS

1. Exact.
7. Yearly allowance.
13. Pronoun.
14. Gave.
15. Bishop's seat.
16. Agitated.
17. Refers.
18. Congealed water.
20. Preposition
22. Concur.
23. Destiny.
25. Scottish land duty.
27. Negative.
29. To flee.
30. Feminine.
33. Implored.
35. Deceased.
36. Illiterate fellow.
37. On the water.
40. Perfumed ointment.
43. Hint.
44. Leap on one leg.
46. Forbid.
47. The body.
48. Complimentary title.
49. Means.
51. Elastic aeriform fluid.
53. Moving to music.
56. Slim.
59. Female sheep.
60. Ancient Spanish war-vessel.
61. Crude mineral.
62. To displace.
63. Fainted.

CLUES DOWN

1. The Pope.
2. Regret.
3. Printer's error.
4. A god
5. French coin
6. Kind of flag
7. A highway.
8. Starting place.
9. Lazy.
10. A firth.
11. Born.
12. Go down.
19. Boast.
21. Necessary.
24. Day of the week.
26. To shine.
28. To ponder anxiously.
31. Fuss.
32. Consume.
33. A smart sound.
34. A limb.
37. Complied with.
38. Novice.
39. Water-softener.
41. Desert.
42. Made certain.
44. To quibble.
45. Goes by.
50. Indication.
52. Town of divorces.
54. Terror.
55. A horse.
57. Mean.
58. Before.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

NOVEL NEW OFFER!
100 'BULLETS' GIFTS AGAIN
FIRST PRIZE
2nd. Prize £100
£250
3rd. Prize £50
PRIZES TO SUIT EVERYBODY
4th Prize £50
5th Prize £25
10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2 10
100 PRIZES OF £1
and 100 Valuable 'Bullets' Gifts!
45/- Cameras, Portable Gramophones, Ladies' Gold Wrist Watches, Electro-plated Tea Sets,
50/- Waterbury Watches, Expanding Suit Cases, Inlaid Mahogany Clocks, Ladies' Work-boxes,
Canteens of Cutlery 40/- Gecophone Wireless Sets, and many other valuable prizes.
CHOOSE WHICH PRIZE YOU LIKE MOST!

£250 Calling!

A FEW weeks ago Mr. E. F. Williams, of Greenfield Terrace, Frodsham, installed a wireless set to provide amusement and education in his home. But these were not the only benefits he derived from it, for whilst listening to a blind entertainer an idea for a good *Bullet* dawned upon him.

Last week that *Bullet*—"WIRELESS PROGRAMME—*World* TO THE *Blind*"—brought Mr. Williams the First Prize of £250 in Competition No. 625. £250 is calling again this week. Tune in to-day and pick up this wave of prosperity.

Gifts Worth Giving

"I AM glad to read that you are introducing Gifts into the *Bullets* prize-list," writes Mr. H. Leat, of 15, Derby Road, Bristol. These new prizes are even better to win than to read about.

Is there a man who could fail to be pleased with a 50s. Waterbury Dress Watch, a 42s. gold-plated Gillette Shaving Set, a handsome Case of Pipes or a solid silver Cigarette Case? How many ladies could resist that charming little Gold Wrist-watch, the beautifully-appointed Work-case, the dainty Manicure set in green leather, or the fashionable Handbag in real crocodile? Where is the home that has no place for a fine Portable Gramophone, a distinctive 8-Day Clock in inlaid mahogany, a handsome Canteen of Cutlery, an attractive Tea Set, or a 40s. Gecophone Wireless Set?

From these and many other valuable Gifts winners will be invited to choose their own prizes. Get into this week's list of 100 Gift winners and choose the one you want most!

"Bullets" Biggest Surprise!

DID you see that unusual notice on this page last week—"*Bullets* 631"? There is that number again at the foot of this page, like the sun coming up over the horizon. A glorious dawn for competitors—that is what it means! Not the political kind that dwindles away into November fog, but a sunrise of promise for all who make *Bullets*.

By next week we shall be in a position to reveal to the competition world the secret of *Bullets* 631. Watch this page for the biggest of all *Bullets* surprises!

A postcard to the Competition Editor will bring you an illustrated booklet of "Bullets" Gifts. A selection of these new Prizes is being displayed at the "John Bull" Pen Depot, Cannon Street Station Approach, London, E.C.

Advance Examples for "Bullets" No. 629.

IN CHINA
BETTER OFF
ALL SMILES
WITH A SHOUT
SAID TO THE BOLSHY
NOT ADVERTISED
SOLLY'S MISTAKE
LADY OF LEISURE
ADMIRINGLY
UNCOMFORTABLE
MOVING
A HELPING HAND
WHAT THE CLOCK SAID
HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN
WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS
NATURE'S LAWS
LOVE THAT LASTS
MADE OF MONEY
WORK FOR HER

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 628.

CHINESE PUZZLE
MAKING FOR HOME
A TOUGH PROPOSITION
HOW WE LIVE
SATISFYING EVERYBODY
BLINDLY
WHAT HE PROMISED
COSTS NOTHING
IF COLUMBUS WERE ALIVE
FALLING TO
DREAM THAT CAME TRUE
UNSEEN
SAID TO THE MAGISTRATE
GETTING THERE
FATAL
FOR US
HEARD ON THE CONTINENT
FATHER AND SON
FULL UP
INNOCENT VICTIM
HIS LAST JOB
MOTHER'S HOPEFUL
WITHOUT WIRELESS
BORING
SOLDIER'S WIFE
GROWING WHISKERS
NO PLACE FOR HER
WORTH KNOWING
NOT STRONG ENOUGH
THE WORKERS
WRONG HOUSE
WHAT IS GOLF?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 628 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 625 can now be seen in the window of Mr. J. R. Hough, Church Street, Frodsham.

The Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 628 will appear in next week's issue.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus a recent winner who selected the *Example*—MODEL EMPLOYER, added the *Bullet*—FOR DISCONTENTED WIFE, BABY, and secured £50 for those few words. Three recent First Prize-winners were:—

Example:—HOUSE WE WANT *Bullet:*—AND "GOOD SITUATION" TOO.
Example:—1927 *Bullet:*—"NEW"—LET'S KEEP "BRIGHT."
Example:—SECRET OF SUCCESS *Bullet:*—DON'T ASK—DO TASK.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 628, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(628) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(628) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

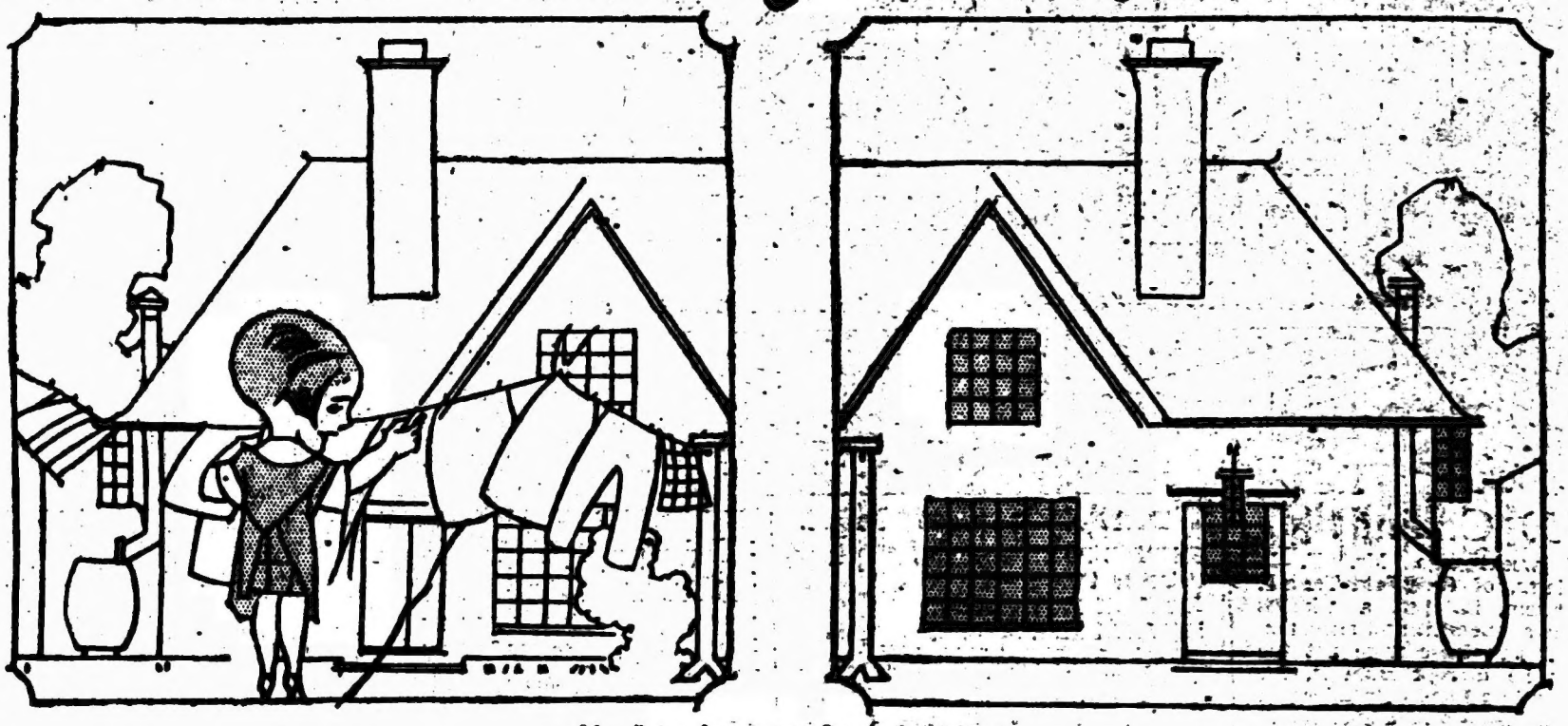
"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(628) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 17.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(628) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Britain's washday — featuring Rinso



1. Mrs. Jones hangs out the clothes before her neighbours have started washing. Rinso has done the work overnight.

2. Mrs. Brown likes to give the things a bit of a rub, so she does it herself with hot water and Rinso.

3. Mrs. Robinson lights the boiler fire, pops the clothes into boiling water and Rinso, then gets on with cleaning the silver.

Rinso

washes every way

COLD OR HOT OR BOILING

B.267-3 GB

S. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH, AND LONDON

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